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ITALY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE is some danger, perhaps, and certainly a good deal of inconvenience, in the disposition of Parliament to pass into a Committee for the Regulation of Foreign Affairs. That this disposition, breaking out as it does from time to time in the most determined way, embarrasses the diplomatic action of the Government, can hardly be doubted; and, whereas the various States of Europe may be fairly though roughly divided into those whose Governments are weak and good, and those whose

Governments are strong and bad, it is obvious that a "meddling policy" is mischievous in dealing with either. The weak are still more weakened, as well as humbled; the strong are simply provoked by mere meddling—by mere talk—to follow out their own devices, while they learn to despise the "influence" so feebly brought to bear upon them.

Still there are cases in which the hearty discussion of other folks' affairs must do good; and, on the whole, we have little reason to regret the debates, in either House of Parliament,

on the present condition of united Italy. Some over-zealous friends of the new kingdom, with other interests to serve, have tried to show, indeed, that these debates were got up by its enemies—that they were promoted by the "narrowest sympathies and antipathies" of Catholic members of Parliament in particular, and the whole body of Conservative members in general. This view, itself so narrow, so intolerant, so insincere, is that adopted by the *Times*. We say adopted; for when the "Thunderer," which no longer thunders, comes out to deride



THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN SCULPTURE IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

all Catholics as tools of Papal hate, and every English gentleman whose opinions carry him to the Opposition benches as malignantly inimical to Italian freedom, we know what that means. Victor Emmanuel's Government is not the only one in Europe which the *Times* is pledged (at present) to support; and the honest task of defending him is dishonestly turned to account in attacking her Majesty's Opposition. The *Times* ought to know, and does know, that in the presence of freedom all difference of opinion in England expires; and any insinuation that one half the House of Commons wishes to see in Italy a broken country and a tortured people is full of evil. It is false; it is slanderous; it is infinitely mischievous to the cause which those who make it have themselves at heart. The enemies of Italy would have great reason to rejoice, if opinion in the British Legislature were equally divided between the merits of King Victor and the virtues of King Bomba; and when the *Times* says it is so that journal commits the very mischief it imputes.

But this grave political error would be of less importance if it originated in the party zeal of the *Times*; in fact, the *Times* only took up on Saturday morning the cry which sounded from the Ministerial benches of the House of Commons the night before. The debate was conducted, on the Government side, with extraordinary unfairness, and, till Mr. Gladstone spoke, with almost unexampled weakness. Let us consider for a moment the course of the discussion. Mr. Hennessy takes the liberty to doubt whether the trade between Great Britain and Naples has not declined since the "unification" of Italy, and calls attention to the matter. Mr. Bentinck then rises to express his belief that what is called "brigandage" in Italy is really a much more formidable thing, to show that this brigandage is dealt with by the Italian Government in a cruel and licentious manner, and to argue that her Majesty's Ministers, instead of flinging upon the French Emperor the whole responsibility of this state of things and there leaving it, might amend their policy by calling the attention of King Victor Emmanuel to this fact—that in constitutional countries people are never slaughtered in cold blood on any pretence whatever. Taking the speakers on the one side all together, we next come to the singularly temperate speech of Lord Henry Lennox, who showed beyond doubt that in free and united Italy there is no such thing as a free press, to begin with. Newspapers are suppressed, and editors imprisoned, with a tyranny which is not a whit more endurable because it is inconsistent and uncertain. Political espionage, arbitrary arrest, imprisonment without trial, these were the deepest offences of which the deposed rulers of Italy were found guilty; it is farcical to call a people free who are subject to such injuries; and Lord H. Lennox declared, of his own certain knowledge and observation, that the prisons of Italy are still full of people who have never been accused, save by spies and the police. Another member of the House of Commons, Mr. Cochrane, produced a nominal list of a hundred and eighty-eight persons shot in cold blood by the Piedmontese Government in the first three months of the present year.

Now, what is to be said to all this? The Italian Government is accused of dealing with the brigands and the friends of brigands, with more ferocity than justice; and nobody denies it. It is accused of hanging fetters up in every newspaper office in the kingdom, and the accusation remains unchallenged. It is charged, by honourable men who profess to know what they say, with maintaining the old intolerable system of imprisonment without trial; and the only answer to that is, that the prisons are much more comfortable than they used to be, and the prisoners not so very numerous after all. Here it is that we come to the other side of the question. Mr. Butler-Johnstone admitted that Lord H. Lennox's statements were generally true, but that his complaints were unreasonable. Mr. Gower denied that the devil was so black as he had been painted. Mr. Agar Ellis, following in that line, declared that he also had visited the Italian prisons, and had not found them so full of iniquity as they had appeared in Lord H. Lennox's eyes. But his Lordship's statement is very particular, and Mr. Agar Ellis's is not; and, in fine, throughout the whole of the debate, the assertion, that in Italy the fundamental principles of liberty, the essential rights of a free people, are still systematically violated, received no contradiction.

So far we find nothing in the debate which should not unite men of all shades of opinion in Parliament and in the press; but Mr. Bentinck, and Mr. Cochrane, and Lord Henry Lennox (to say nothing of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Maguire, whose views are notoriously extreme on this question) did not content themselves with making a series of statements. They went farther than that, as they had a right to do, and suggested that the Government had either been kept in ignorance by their own agents of what had been passing in Italy or they had been culpably silent. These members maintained that what was intolerable in the rule of Francis did not change its nature because a Be Galantomo had adopted it, but that it was intolerable still; and that if it was right for her Majesty's Ministers to interfere in the one case, it was wrong to remain silent in the other. There was the rub. The Government could not deny the existence of the wrong, or their own silence; and, though they had a very good answer to Mr. Bentinck's attack (as we shall see), they could not abstain from "blackguarding plaintiff's attorney." Mr. Layard first took up this tone, in as weak, as injudicious, as ill-favoured an harangue as ever came from a Secretary's lips; Lord Palmerston unluckily adopted it; and Mr. Gladstone, in a speech splendid as lightning, brought it to a climax of ingenuity and injury. The fact is, according to them, and according to their echo in the *Times*, that Mr. Bentinck and Lord H. Lennox

brought forward their (uncontroverted) statements not out of love of liberty, but from a rooted detestation of it; not because they wish to see Italy well governed, but out of mere opposition to the Government which promises to govern it well. "The speeches, the cheers, and the groans of the Conservative party all testify to an animosity towards the Italian Government," and, therefore (though we do not clearly see how that follows of necessity), to an animosity against the true interests of the Italian people. Now, this is what we complain of. It is grossly unfair; and in politics every foul blow must be duly recorded against those who deliver it.

Having said so much on the one side, we are now very ready to declare our adhesion to the *unaffected* views of the Government—that is to say, those which actuate its policy in Italy as distinguished from those which are assumed in the House of Commons for more ignoble ends. Her Majesty's Ministers are strong in the reply that, granting the existence of all the abuses which have been pointed out, the Italian Government is not to be condemned till it has had time and fair opportunity to remove them; and this they have not yet had. Everything is unsettled; the shock of revolution still trembles from end to end of the country; the revolution is not even complete, for Rome remains out of the kingdom. It is too soon to go to Turin with an official budget of remonstrances against wrongs which the Government there did not originate, and which we cannot doubt they will remedy as soon as possible. This is the answer of her Majesty's Ministers, and, we repeat, it is conclusive as to them. At the same time we may righteously show the new ruler of Italy that we are well informed as to his difficulties, and expect them to be overcome. Victor Emmanuel's title to the Italian kingdom remains unconfirmed as long as his soldiers are permitted to exercise the functions of judge and executioner in any part of his dominions, or as long as any of his people are liable to be arrested without warrant and imprisoned without trial. These things are not more endurable under one King than another; and we do not at all regret that he has been reminded of it, since that has been done, not by a premature and officious "note," but by fair discussion in the Parliament of a people whose hearts go with him in the task he has undertaken.

THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE AT THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

THE Royal Horticultural Society of Kensington have come to an understanding with the principal sculptors to serve each other mutually. The sculptors are to have the advantages of the arcades, corridors, terraces, conservatories, and lawns at the gardens at Kensington to display their works in, and the society the advantages which the presence of sculpture must of necessity confer on the gardens and buildings. At present the statues sent can hardly be called productions of the chisel, because, with few exceptions, they are merely plaster casts. It should, however, be borne in mind that the genius of the artist is just as evident to the cultivated eye, whether the work be executed in plaster, terra cotta, marble, or bronze. Costly materials attract the uncultivated, who love the ornate, rare, and expensive, and pay more regard to that of which the statue is made than to the design itself. Leisure has become so precious to all classes that very little time can be devoted to the fine arts, and therefore this gathering together of all the sculptors at one place will have its advantages. You have now nothing to do but to put money in your pocket and meet by appointment any one of our forty best sculptors at the Kensington Royal Horticultural Gardens, decide upon your group, pay down the usual percentage, and bide your time for the arrival at your mansion of the marble masterpiece. The whole transaction might be completed in an hour, a cursory glance at the charming flowers included. We feel confident that the way in which our sculptors have hitherto hidden themselves in different parts of the metropolis has had something to do with their ill success as a body. A sculptor requires large premises, accessible to a team of horses, to deliver blocks of marble, and therefore he has been mostly driven to make his studio in unsavoury mews, which have been deserted by the gentry and given over to cabmen. Thus, in all probability, he has a heap of manure at his back door, a farrier for his neighbour, and a lot of ragamuffin urchins to assail his ears all the day long, while he has to keep up his acquaintance with the classic graces. It is true that a thorough connoisseur will not care much where he goes in quest of a real artist; but there are those who want statues, and who, to spare themselves the fatigue and vexation, not to say unpleasantness, of hunting up sculptors, do it by applying secondhand to the dealers in Bond-street, or go without the luxury of sculpture altogether. At the Royal Academy even few people see the sculptures, because they happen to be placed in a dreary room, formerly cold and gloomy as a crypt, and not much better now. On the whole, the sculptors can hardly fail to derive great encouragement from the opening of the Kensington Horticultural Gardens to their works. It is now possible to contemplate chiselled beauties of figure from different points of sight, and at various distances.

The large group by Mr. E. B. Stevens, of "Satan Tempting Eve in Paradise," is much more effective on a lawn among flowers and shrubs as now placed than in a confined building. All its points are now accessible to the eye. We feel that the author of this piece of sculpture must himself feel a greater amount of pleasure in his work than he ever before experienced. Most of the examples (about 150) have appeared in past years in the exhibitions. Some, however, will prove new to the public. On the terrace stands the fine bronze whole-length statue of her Majesty the Queen, by Durham, which was originally designed for the column in course of erection as the memorial of 1851. On the same terrace is a remarkably animated figure of Manoockee Nes Serwangee-Petit, being the model of a statue in marble by Mr. Foley, to be erected in Bombay. The same artist has also contributed his model for a statue (to be erected in Dublin) of Oliver Goldsmith. Both these examples are deserving of places of honour. Mr. Crittenden's figure of the tender-hearted, modest "Lavinia" of "Thomson's Seasons," and Mr. J. Lawler's "Fairies' Frolic," and other graceful forms, as the "Parting of Paul and Virginia," by Joseph Durham; "The Young Naturalist," by Weeks; and Munro's "Fountain Nymph," are works which will not fail to add to the attractions of the gardens in an extraordinary degree. Signor Giovanni Fontana sends several pretty examples. Among others, "The Genius of Commerce," in the figure of a winged boy holding a scroll in one hand and a purse in the other, and standing near a bale of cloth, is pleasingly conspicuous. "Industry" is beheld as a little girl playing the distaff. "Miranda," by McDowell, jun.; Calder Marshall's "Ophelia," and "The Startled Nymph," by E. G. Papworth, jun., are other works of an agreeable character likely to attract. It will be seen that most of the examples we have specified have been before exhibited, but they are none the worse on that account. Mr. John Bell's striking model of "The Negress," so much admired at the International Exhibition, now looks much at home among tropical plants in the conservatory. So with Mr. Davis's "Diana and Endymion," Mr. Miller's "Titania Asleep," Mr. Woodington's "Nymph, playing with a Child," and many more. The busts and memorials, figures of distinguished people, are also numerous in the arcades and on the lawns.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The sittings of the French Corps Législatif were brought to a conclusion on Thursday, the 7th inst., by a speech from the President, M. De Morny, thanking the members for the support they had afforded to the Government. On the 8th an Imperial decree was issued dissolving the Chamber, and fixing the 31st of May and the 1st of June for the election of deputies to the new Chamber. Several additions are made to the Senate, among the new senators being M. Drouyn de Lhuys and M. Mocquard, the Emperor's private secretary.

In Paris the public interest is now divided between three great subjects—the Polish insurrection, the blow dealt on the Suez scheme by the Turk, and the elections to the Corps Législatif. The two former are discussed with a good deal of animation, but the interest in the latter flags from the system of repression on the expression of opinion exercised by the Government.

A Swedish fleet is expected at Cherbourg between the 25th and 31st of May, and is to be received with much pomp and ceremony. If, in the course of the month, negotiations with Russia should not take a favourable turn, there are many more impossible things than that this fleet, accompanied by a French one, should return at the conclusion of the elections with the nucleus of an army destined to emancipate Poland.

ITALY.

In the Italian Parliament several contradictions, on points of detail, have been given to the statements made in the British House of Commons on Friday week by Lord Henry Lennox in reference to the state of the Neapolitan prisons, the liberty of the press, &c., from which it appears that the Milan newspaper, the *Perseveranza*, which his Lordship asserted had been suppressed by the Government, is still being published, and in point of fact had never even been suspended for a single day. A formal discussion on the statements made in the House of Commons is about to take place, and is expected to be of a very animated character.

The Pope has been making a tour of his dominions, and is expected to return to Rome on the 20th. It is said that the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli has really been accepted, and that his eminence will be succeeded by Cardinal Lucca, as Secretary of State.

PRUSSIA.

A serious dispute has arisen between the Prussian Government and the Chamber of Deputies. At the sitting on Monday the Minister of War, General Von Roon, was called to order by the President, for using what we should term unparliamentary language towards Herr Von Sybel. The Government members questioned the right of the President to interrupt a Minister while speaking, which led to a warm dispute, which was ended by the President suspending the sitting. At the sitting on the following day a letter was read, signed by the Ministers, stating that so long as the House supported the assumption of the President to limit the freedom of speech of the Ministers the latter would not attend the sittings of the Chamber. The Deputies referred the letter to a special committee, which has reported against the demand that the Ministers attending the Chamber should not be subject to the rules laid down for the guidance of that body, and be wholly free of the control of the President. It is not improbable that this "difficulty" between the Chamber and the Ministry may lead to a dissolution of Parliament.

DENMARK.

After three days' debate the Rigsråad, in its sitting of the 12th, voted the address to the King. By this vote the present policy of the Government in reference to the Constitutional regulations of the monarchy is approved. Much activity is said to prevail in both military and naval departments in Denmark.

GREECE.

Some difficulties are again arising in Athens. The President of the Council and the Minister of the Interior have tendered their resignations. The former will most probably be succeeded, it is stated, by M. Christides. Some adverse feeling prevails with regard to the new King, and placards expressing it make their appearance through the city. The Greek deputation in Copenhagen have not yet been formally received by the King of Denmark, inasmuch as they have not received full and final powers from Athens; but the protecting States are reported to be using all their influence to bring the arrangements for the Greek throne to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion.

MEXICO.

The latest accounts from Puebla are very favourable to the French. After an active bombardment, continued from the 27th to the 31st of March, a breach was effected, through which, by dint of hard fighting, the troops penetrated into the city, and, fighting their way through the streets across barricades, succeeded in capturing the Plaza de Armas and the cathedral, and at the last accounts had nearly entire possession of the city.

COCHIN-CHINA.

Official despatches received from Cochin-China to the 31st of March state that public order was re-established in the colony. A great number of villages had given in their submission. Admiral Bonnard and a Spanish Plenipotentiary were to leave for Hué on the 3rd of April, to exchange the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace of 1862. All the Spanish troops were to re-embark upon the 2nd of April, to return to Manilla.

WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

The principal news brought by the mail from the West Coast of Africa is that the King of Ashantee had invaded the protected Fante countries of Wassau, Assin, and Akin. Much excitement prevailed on the Gold Coast, and all available British forces had been concentrated in the vicinity of Cape Coast. Trade was dull at nearly all the ports. A plentiful oil season was expected.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

The news from America to the 2nd instant is of considerable interest. The Northerners were actively carrying out their new plan of operations against Port Hudson and Vicksburg, which was so far attended with success. According to the accounts from New Orleans General Banks had been very successful in his movements up the river Teche, having, after thrice repulsing the Confederates, nearly reached Opelousas. He is said to have captured several hundreds of prisoners and lost some thousands of men in two battles, of which no details are given. There appears to be some hiatus in the accounts from this quarter, and the habitual practice of the Federal Government would suggest that there has been good reason for a suppression of the details. However, it is now said that General Banks has seized the Opelousas Railroad, and opened communications with the Federal squadron on the Mississippi above Port Hudson. Twelve more transports are reported to have succeeded in passing the Vicksburg batteries and joining General Grant, who was manoeuvring with a view of capturing Vicksburg. It is also stated that some more Federal transports attempted to pass Vicksburg on the 23rd of April, and had been defeated, four, or according to later statements, only one, being sunk. The *Mobile Register* considers that the point of chief importance on the Mississippi at present is Fort Pemberton, a mud-built work, running from the Tallahatchie to the Yazoo River, about 250 yards. A second Federal expedition to Yazoo Pass had returned unsuccessful.

In Tennessee the Confederates have driven in General Rosencranz's outposts, and are threatening Murfreesborough, which is, however, deemed by its defenders so strong that an attack is hardly to be expected. The Federals claim some successes in Missouri; but it is clear that they have gained no important victory there, and it is rumoured that the Confederate General Price, one of the ablest of the Southern officers, is preparing to enter that State with 8000 men.

The Confederates were again threatening the Federals on their own territory, and had pushed a large force into Western Virginia and Maryland. They captured Morgantown, Virginia, and had partially destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Wheeling and Pittsburg were in jeopardy, and the Federals, who were in a state of great excitement, were preparing to move forces on the threatened points. The advance of General Hooker, however, will probably check this movement of the Confederates.

FORWARD MOVEMENT OF GENERAL HOOKER.

On the 30th of April, General Hooker crossed the Rappahannock at three or four different fords above and below Fredericksburg, and soon led three corps to the rear of that city. Three other corps were to follow immediately, and at the last date it was stated that fresh columns were following, that the communication was maintained, that there was a large force of cavalry in the field, that General Lee would either have to abandon Fredericksburg or fight a battle at great disadvantage, and that by leaving a comparatively small force in a good position, to watch his movements, General Hooker could safely march on to Richmond. But in that march is everything. General Hooker would have to fight his way many days, cross many streams, and force many positions, with his flanks always exposed, against an enemy quite as near his resources as the invader. It has never been stated yet that Fredericksburg is in any sense the key of the country, or that much would be gained by turning the position. General Burnside, for reasons of his own, chose to attempt the passage there, and he evidently thought it might be done there, though not much would be gained by so doing. The principal object of taking Fredericksburg would be not to leave a strongly posted army in the rear. General Hooker braves that danger, with what degree of impunity we shall probably hear before long. The invading army was said to be in a position to attack the Confederate line of communications. If so, the opportunity was reciprocal, and, as one side at least must move on, a great battle might be expected before long. Whether victorious or not, Hooker would have a second account to settle with Lee on the probable supposition of the latter preferring the open field to his entrenched camp at Fredericksburg. It is premature to speculate on the results of a campaign thus begun. The Cabinet of lawyers who conduct the war from Washington may at last see the necessity of giving up some of their remote and desultory operations for the more critical struggle nearer home. They may venture to assist Hooker, even at the risk of making a president, if not a dictator. Fortune herself may play the jade, as she often has done before. But appearances do not promise much for the success of a movement prompted by what statesmen tell us is the most unfortunate of all reasons—the necessity of doing something.

GENERAL NEWS.

The report of the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War had caused general discouragement. The *Herald* says the revelations it has made are scandalous, calculated to damage the President and his Cabinet, and to throw a wet blanket on the national enthusiasm for the war, so as to prepare the way to bring it to a close as soon as possible, with a divided Union and two independent general Governments.

Differences were said to have arisen between the President and General Hooker on the occasion of the last visit of Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck to the army of the Potomac. General Hooker submitted his ideas of a forward movement, which required for its success the co-operation of the greater portion of the troops defending Washington, thereby exposing that city to the chances of an attack by the Confederates. General Halleck at once denounced the scheme as foolish; and, the fears of the President becoming aroused, a warm discussion ensued, which terminated in an open quarrel. There were rumours that General Hooker would be superseded, and that General Halleck would take the command of the army of the Potomac; but the forward movement of General Hooker would seem to imply that these statements were, to some extent at least, unfounded.

A man in Ohio had been sentenced to four months' hard labour for expressing publicly his sympathy with the Secessionists.

Governor Seymour had vetoed the bill permitting soldiers in the army to vote, so far as New York State is concerned. He has no idea of giving political power to the army while it is controlled by Republicans.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

On the 20th ult. the Governor of Indiana convened a meeting of the State officers, and informed them that he had requested the interview for the purpose of devising means for the suppression of the Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which, he said, extended throughout the State, was powerful in numbers and in influence, dangerous in its objects and character, and bound to secrecy by disloyal oaths. In reply to the Governor it was stated that the Knights of the Golden Circle were not the only secret society that existed in the State; and that the Ultra-Republicans and Federalists had instituted the order of the "U.C.'s," all the members of which carried arms and met at night for secret drill under regularly appointed leaders. The result of the deliberations was that a proclamation was issued prohibiting the carrying of concealed arms, the use of party badges, and the public sale of weapons of defence. It is obvious, however, that this will not stop the evil, which is one of the worst symptoms of the unhappy state of public affairs in those parts of the country which are removed from the influences of the temporary prosperity caused by Government contracts, and the consequent circulation of prodigal issues of paper money. There is another large and influential secret society, far more numerous than the Knights of the Golden Circle, that has its head-quarters in New York and its ramifications in every great city of the Union. Possibly the Government, if aware of its existence, does not look upon it with much disfavour, because its leading principle is one of hostility to Great Britain. This society is known as the Fennian, or Feenian Brotherhood (the members themselves do not appear to be quite certain of the correct orthography or derivation of the word), and consists exclusively of persons of Irish birth or descent. They are believed to number upwards of 130,000, and to combine with some of the benevolent and convivial objects of the Freemasons and Odd Fellows the main object of invading Ireland to recover the land from the "brutal and bloody Sassenach," in case of war between Great Britain and the United States. The "Brotherhood," however, is not established in the interest of the Republican party. The Irish are for the most part Democratic and pro-slavery; so that, failing the event of war with England, the organisation might possibly give trouble to the present Administration, more especially if hard necessity should compel Mr. Lincoln to enforce the conscription.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE AT NAPLES.—A Frenchman in good circumstances has for a year or more tenanted a small house close to the hotel La Gran Bretagna, on the road to Quis Sana, close to Castellamare. Singular in his habits, it was the common opinion that his mind was affected. On fast days he insisted on having fish served of a particular length, and on other days a fowl of a particular size and measurement. Woe to the landlord if his orders were not obeyed to the letter. Most of his time was spent in strict seclusion, when he occupied himself in making machinery, but of what kind was unknown, as no one was permitted to enter his room. On the night of the 24th of April a heavy sound was heard in the house, but it led to no inquiry, as M. Courteux was a man of such peculiar habits. On the following day, however, some alarm was created by his non-appearance, and the police were sent for. To repeated knocks no answer was returned, and at last the wall was broken through and the room entered, when the following scene presented itself:—A perfectly-formed guillotine stood in the centre of the doorway leading into another room; the knife had fallen, and on this side lay a body, while in the other room lay the head of the poor victim of insanity. On the table was a letter directed to his brother in Paris, in which is a will, which, among other bequests, leaves 1000f. to his landlord and 1000f. to an inhabitant of Castellamare. Regular in his payments and conduct, he seems to have had but one object in life, which was to construct the instrument of his death, and it is described as being of the most delicate construction.

THE PROSECUTION OF PROFESSOR JOWETT.—The Rev. Dr. Pusey and his associates in the prosecution of Professor Jowett, of Oxford, for heretical teaching, have fallen from the appeal which they took to the Court of Queen's Bench. They say they have been advised that the Court of Queen's Bench was not likely to grant a mandamus to compel the Vice Chancellor's assessor to take up the cause. There was another Court, within the bounds of the University itself, to which they might have appealed; but the time for appeal to that tribunal was now gone by. They therefore abandon the prosecution altogether.

THE PROVINCES.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—On Monday the usual weekly meeting of the Central Executive Relief Committee was held in the Manchester Townhall, Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth presiding. It was reported that the total amount received for the past week was £3280 8s. 2d.; and the balance in the bankers' hands was £389,500 7s. 1d. Mr. Commissioner Farnall's report stated that on the 2nd inst. there was a decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief, in twenty-seven unions in the cotton-manufacturing districts, as compared with the number so relieved in the previous week, of 5073.

THE UNEMPLOYED AT CHORLEY.—Discontent has broken out among the operative recipients of relief at Chorley. The grievance is the old one—the being called on to give more labour for the dole they receive than they think just. Hitherto the Chorley recipients of relief have worked only on alternate days; the committee now call on them to work seven hours daily. A deputation was sent with a memorial complaining of this as unfair, and asking the committee to rescind it; but the committee unanimously refused to comply. The men now threaten to throw themselves and families into the workhouse, and there is great excitement.

MURDERS.—A shocking outrage was committed on Sunday night in the usually quiet town of Bedford, when a gentleman proceeding towards his home, with his wife, was set upon by what appears to have been a mixed mob of civilians and militiamen (who are at present out for drill), and so seriously beaten that he died on the following morning. The shock of the outrage was so great to an aged lady, a friend of the victim, that she died from the excitement; and his wife—who does not appear to have been assaulted—is in a precarious condition. A very brutal murder has been committed in Liverpool. A sailor, named Thomas, was staying at the boarding-house of a Mrs. Rowlands, in that town. He had shipped on board an emigrant vessel, and received an advance note, which Mrs. Rowlands cashed. Suspecting that he intended to desert, she endeavoured to keep him in the house until the ship was ready to sail. On Friday week he grew very much excited, and, having decoyed her into the cellar, beat out her brains with a potato-masher. Leaving her dead on the floor, he went up stairs and attacked two other women, who would also have been killed but for help coming in. He was taken into custody immediately.—About a quarter-past nine o'clock on Tuesday night a man named Henry Cohen and a foreign sailor, said to be a Spaniard, jostled against each other in passing near the bottom of Ormond-street, whereupon a quarrel ensued between them, the foreigner ultimately drawing a knife and striking Cohen a blow on the right side which felled him. The sailor then ran away, but a man named James Harrison, also a sailor, attempted to stop him, and received in return two blows with a knife, which felled him also to the ground. The foreigner made his escape. The two wounded men were taken to the Northern Hospital, where every assistance was rendered them; but Harrison died about twenty minutes after his admission. He received two wounds in the region of the stomach, either, it is said, being sufficient to cause death. Cohen sustained a small but deep incised wound in the right side, and lies in a very precarious state. A Chilian sailor has been apprehended on suspicion, and identified by a person who witnessed the crime as the murderer.

A VICTIM OF WITCHCRAFT.—A few days ago, at the New Bailey, Manchester, an elderly woman applied to Mr. Trafford, the stipendiary magistrate, to grant a summons, as some person had been exercising an evil influence over her.—Mr. Trafford: What do you want?—Applicant: A summons for a kind of witchcraft; my husband has died from it, and I want it put to a stop. Mr. Trafford: Who practises it upon you?—Applicant: A man at Glossop, and I should be glad if you would write to him, Master Trafford, I have suffered a great deal. Mr. Trafford: What have you suffered?—Applicant: More than tongue can express: oh, yes, many times more. I am persecuted, and wherever I live I have to flee, they persecute me so; one of them has taken away my clock-weight, and he has been holding witchcraft in Salford. Mr. Trafford: Are you confident it is witchcraft?—Applicant: Yes; he is a Glossop man, but he has committed the deed in Salford. Mr. Trafford: Well come to me, at the Salford Townhall, to-morrow morning.—Applicant: But will you protect me until to-morrow? My life is in danger from witchcraft, and I want protection. Mr. Trafford: How can I protect you unless you come and live with me, and I am sure I don't want that.—Applicant: I should think not. Mr. Trafford: What can I do to protect you?—Applicant: Stop Mellor's witchcraft until to-morrow. Mr. Trafford: But he is at Glossop.—Applicant: You write to him, and make it all right. Mr. Trafford: Well, I will write to him, and tell him to be quiet.—Applicant: No, you must write to him, and tell him to stop it. Mr. Trafford: I will, if it will do you any good.—Applicant: But I must have protection somewhere. Mr. Trafford: Well, I will send over in some shape or other, and see if I cannot get it stopped.—Applicant: I know that there are others at work, and one of them is Mr. Spite; it must be stopped by some means. Mr. Trafford: Come to me at Salford to-morrow. I have heard that a horseshoe nailed over the door is a very good protection; but see me to-morrow. The woman then left the court, amid loud laughter.

DISCOVERY OF A SUBTERRANEAN FOREST AT HULL.—During the excavations now progressing at the Victoria Dock extension works at Hull, a discovery interesting to antiquarians has been made. In several places, at a depth of about thirty-two feet from the surface, and beneath a seam of sand several feet in thickness, may be seen the remains of an ancient forest, held almost in a state of solution. In one instance the root and part of the stem of an immense oak, about twenty feet in circumference and in a good state of preservation, lies exposed; and, as it is on a level with the bottom of the dock, it will probably continue in its original position. The remains of the trunks of two other large trees have also been dug up, one of which bears evident marks of fire. In some instances the wood is mixed with clay, and mostly as black as ebony, and when cut by the workmen's spades soon crumbles into dust by the action of the air. The forest appears to have been of very great extent, for at present no limit has been found to its boundaries. Wherever the excavations are continued the workmen still discover traces of its existence. It may not be uninteresting to describe the geological condition of the strata. Clay is found to about fifteen feet below the surface, and beneath that the above-mentioned seam of sand, which is followed by a stratum of sand of moister nature, greatly mixed with cockle and other fresh-water shells, and then comes the seam containing the wood, wetter still.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE ELECTIONS.—M. de Persigny has addressed a circular to the prefects explaining the principles by which they are to be guided in the approaching elections. Although he tells them that the Empire is the expression of the wants, feelings, and interests of the masses, and that it was in the cottages of the people that it was brought forth, he yet fears to leave to these masses the unfettered expression of their opinions and the free choice of candidates, but urges the prefects to proclaim (that is, enforce the return of) the candidates possessing the confidence of the Government and devoted to the Emperor. The reason assigned for this interference with the electors is thus set forth:—"If in France, as in England, parties differed upon the conduct of public affairs, but were all attached to the fundamental institutions of the country, the Government might confine itself to watching the struggle. But in France this manoeuvring of parties would be of a nature to prolong the revolution by compromising liberty, because in our country there are parties who yet remain political fractions seeking to attack the very heart of our institutions, in order to vitiate their principle, and who invoke liberty in order to turn it against the State."

A GHOST AT ROME.—A letter from Rome, of the 5th, says:—"Ghosts are not usually much talked of in Rome, but the *vox populi* just now is that the steps and corridors of St. Peter's, and the arcades on the sides of the sacristy towards Santa Marta, are haunted by a recently defunct Canon of the church, named Azocchi, who appears with breviary in hand,

And mutes his prayer

In the midnight air,

to the great consternation of the Papal gendarmes and French sentries who mount guard every night around the Vatican basilica. The canonico is said also to have paid startling midnight visits to some of his brethren in the chapter, requesting the aid of their prayers. Parties of credulous and incredulous persons have been watching for the ghost at a respectful distance for several nights; some say they have seen him, and some not; but it is now stated that he will walk no more on earth, as the Pope, informed of his restlessness, has celebrated an especial mass for the eternal rest of his soul."

RUMOURS OF MEDIATION IN THE AMERICAN QUARREL.—A letter appears in the Rio de Janeiro journals from General Webb, the American Minister, contradicting a report in that capital that the Federal Government had expressed a willingness to agree to the arbitration of the Emperor of Brazil in its quarrel with the South; but adding that, in the event of any arbitration, the choice of the Cabinet of Washington would no doubt fall on that Sovereign, who had so many claims to its respect and confidence.

THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—On Wednesday morning the opening of the first grand flower-show of the season took place at the above gardens. Shortly after ten o'clock a large sprinkling of the aristocracy were in the gardens, and a little after eleven their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived, with their suite, and were received by the fellows of the society, and spent nearly an hour in the grounds. They expressed their satisfaction with the splendid show of flowers. The morning was fine, and the rain during the night had heightened the beauty of the gardens.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, brother of Mr. Beecher Stowe, is about to visit Europe, having been granted leave of absence by his congregation for four months in order that he may recruit his health, which has become impaired by constant hard work.

THE YEAR'S CONSCRIPTION of 100,000 men, which is just over, shows, it is said, a large increase in France in the number of the sickly and deformed of the class who are below even the small stature of an approved conscript.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, as the 11.40 mail-train from Perth to Dundee was approaching Kinfaus station, the engine suddenly started off the rails, dragging the whole of the train after it. Fortunately, all the passengers escaped with but trifling bruises. The engine-driver was so seriously injured that he died on Monday.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TRALEE.—The Irish Attorney-General, Mr. O'Hagan, offers himself as a candidate for the representation of Tralee, vacant by Captain Daniel O'Connell having become a placeman. The Lord Mayor of Dublin also started in the Conservative interest, but subsequently withdrew in favour of Captain Knox, proprietor of the *Irish Times*, who is canvassing the borough. The Hon. Mr. Howard, also a Conservative, has made his appearance as a candidate.

SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE.—Mr. Shirley, who has represented South Warwickshire since 1853, has intimated his intention to retire at the next general election. The Conservatives have already put forward Mr. F. Wise, of Woodcote, as a candidate. It does not appear certain that his return will be contested.

THE BLIND.—The Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind held its annual meeting at St. James's Hall on Monday. The Archbishop of York presided. Among those who delivered speeches was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who enforced in eloquent language the necessity of assisting the blind, not by isolating them from society, but by helping them to do useful work. The right hon. gentleman had a warm reception.

IMPORTANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—A flag indicating a ship in distress was hoisted at the Rock Lighthouse, New Brighton, near Liverpool, on Monday evening last. The crew of the tubular life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution, stationed at that place, were at once mustered, and the boat was under way in about twenty minutes. She was taken in tow by the steam-tug Universe, and, after proceeding down the Rock Channel three or four miles, cast off from the steamer about a mile and a quarter to the windward of the wreck, which was on the inside of the North Bank. When the life-boat left the steamer she pulled down through a heavy sea to the wreck under oars, and proved herself seaworthy in the broken water on the banks. The life-boat anchored to windward of the vessel, and dropped down upon her. She proved to be the brig Levant, of Bristol, from Barbadoes, Captain Jones, with a cargo of sugar, tortoiseshell, rum, &c. The wind was W. by N., blowing hard, with a heavy sea on the bank, the vessel bumping heavily. The tide was half ebb. The life-boat returned to the shore about 11.30 p.m. with the crew of the Levant, consisting of ten men, on board. The disaster was attributed to bad management. This valuable life-boat has been only a few months on this dangerous station at the mouth of the River Mersey. There can be no doubt that in her absence the crew of the Levant would in all probability have perished.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—The sun will be partially eclipsed on the afternoon of to-morrow, Sunday, the 17th. As viewed near the metropolis, the moon will enter upon his disc at 5h. 32m. 24s. p.m., Greenwich time, at a point 88 degrees from the vertex towards the west, or nearly at the right-hand extremity of the sun's horizontal diameter. The eclipse will be at its maximum at 6h. 28m. 30s. p.m., when very nearly one-third of the solar diameter will be covered by the moon, and will end at 7h. 12m. p.m., about half an hour before sunset, the last contact occurring a little to the left of the apparent upper point of the disc. Neither of the two solar eclipses of 1864 will be visible in this country, and in the eclipses of October 19, 1865, and October 8, 1866, the sun will set in London a few minutes before the greatest phase. The phenomenon of to-morrow is the only one of the kind that will be wholly visible here until March 6, 1867.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The repairs rendered necessary in consequence of the recent mishap to the "big ship" are now completed, and she will take her departure from Liverpool for New York to-day (Saturday). Advantage has been taken of the delay in repairing the vessel to effect many improvements in the arrangement of the State rooms which experience had demonstrated to be desirable, so as to ensure the comfort of passengers.

EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.

GEORGE Frederick Samuel Robinson, Earl De Grey and Ripon, was born on the 24th of October, 1827. He is the son of the first Earl Ripon by the only daughter of the fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire. In 1851 he married Henrietta Anne Theodosia, eldest daughter of Captain Henry Vyner, and granddaughter of the first Earl De Grey. Earl De Grey and Ripon sat in the House of Commons as member for Hull from July, 1852, till March, 1853; for Huddersfield from April, 1853, to March, 1857; and for the West Riding from the last-named year till his father's death lifted him to the House of Peers in 1859. In November of the same year, by the death of his uncle, he succeeded to the earldom of De Grey. The father of Earl De Grey and Ripon was for a short time First Lord of the Treasury. He succeeded Mr. Canning. Earl De Grey, the uncle of the subject of this sketch, was not a prominent public character. He was, however, an accomplished man, skilled in painting and architecture, and was also an author, having written "Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington." Earl De Grey and Ripon was, in his younger days, a politician of the advanced school, and not unfrequently took part in the debates in the House of Commons. He never, however, attained to the first rank of speakers in the Lower House, and nobody then imagined that he would so soon mount to the high position of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. But, though he was not a great debater, his Lordship was always listened to with respect. His manner was good, his speeches were well arranged, and then he stood high as an upright, honourable, sincere politician—one who really wished to promote the welfare of the people. He was, moreover, courteous, kind, and affable, and such qualities go a great way in commanding respect and attention in the Lower House. Lord Goderich, however, did not leave the House of Commons without impressing his mark upon the institutions of his country, for it was he who, by a vote adverse to the Ministry, first compelled the Government to adopt competitive examinations in the Civil Service. We well remember the night on which his Lordship achieved this victory. Hayter was then whipper-in, and every exertion was made by this celebrated leader of the Parliamentary forces to bring up his men to defeat the motion of the young adventurous Lord; but it was all in vain; the time had come for the change—the time and the man—and the Government was defeated. The resolution which was carried did not attract much attention out of doors; but to the initiated, those who understood the working of our Parliamentary machine, it was known to be the most important move of modern times—important, as it would tend to secure a better staff of departmental officials, but still more important, perhaps, in that it broke up the system of Government patronage wherewith from time immemorial members of Parliament had been bribed to support the Government, and had bought support for themselves from their constituents. Thus a double blow was planted on corruption by this victory, a blow at corruption in the house, a blow at bribery—silent, secret bribery—in the boroughs and counties, which no Committee of the House could take notice of. When the victory was announced there was great commotion in the Government ranks. "How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" was impatiently asked. But the new system has worked well. A better class of men has been secured to perform the work of State departments. The House of Commons is more independent, and the members have been delivered from an annoyance, which, to all honourable minds, had become an intolerable grievance. It is true, patronage remains, and members can still have nominations to offer their friends, but, clogged as they are with competitive examinations in some cases and with examinations in all, these nominations are neither given nor received as favours which lay the receivers under obligations to be repaid by political subserviency.

Earl De Grey and Ripon became Under-Secretary for War when Mr. Thomas George Baring resigned the office, and whilst he held this subordinate post he showed so much talent and energy in performing his duties, especially whilst Sir George Lewis was his chief—when he really did the duties of Chief Secretary—that, on the death of Sir George, it was at once seen that his Lordship must be the successor of the lamented Baronet.

THE BRISTOL PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The ladies of Bristol, as already mentioned in our columns, have presented to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales a very elegant present, consisting of a sapphire and diamond pendant, mounted after the style of Holbein, with fine pearl drops; the centre stone, the sapphire, being one of matchless beauty, and weighing thirteen carats.

The casket which accompanies the jewel is composed of oak, taken from the celebrated Redcliffe Church. The ornamental details are of boxwood. The lid is divided into four panels, one of which bears the arms of the city of Bristol, surmounted with the Bristol motto, "Virtute et Industria." In the others are inserted vignettes of the Clifton rocks, the river, and the tower of Redcliffe Church. These views are painted by the eminent Bristol artists Syer, C. Jackson, and

Hammersley. Four groups of emblematic flowers, exquisitely carved in boxwood, decorate the other panels of the lid, and are composed of forget-me-nots, orange-blossoms, roses, and the blue bell; on the corners of the lid are four coronets, encircled with orange-blossoms and roses; on the margin or moulding, within ribbons, are the mottoes "Treu und Fest," "Ich Dien," and the Danish motto "Constantia et Prudentia." The body of the casket is decorated with a foliated scrollwork of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, and interwoven with these are parts of the arms of various houses and guilds connected with the city. The fleur-de-lis of the noble house of Beaufort, the Lord High Steward of Bristol, combines with the Tudor rose of England to surround and support the initial "A." of the Princess's name; and among the other details the trident of the Society of Merchants and the anchor of Edward Colston, the great Bristol philanthropist, are conspicuous. Crowned swans decorate the angles, in front of which are columns bearing the motto of the Order of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," the Danish national motto, "Med Gud, fo Konge og Fødeland," and an ancient Welsh motto. The base bears the beautiful quotation from Shakespeare, "The rose and expectancy of the fair State," below which are engraved some of Bristol's greatest names—Cabot, Wm. Penn, Chatterton, Lawrence, Baily, Hannah Moore, Southey, Colston, Whitson, Canyng, and Finzel, showing that from the earliest times to the present day Bristol has been rich in great and good names, in arms, in arts, in charity, and song. This elaborate work, as beautiful in its execution as it is in its conception, is the manufacture of Messrs. C. and W. Trapnell, upholsterers, of College-green, Bristol, and was designed and modelled, with the exception of the arrangement of the vignettes on the lid, by Mr. Caleb Trapnell, the senior partner of the firm.

The decoration of the inside is equally elegant and appropriate; the following quotation from Chatterton, the Bristol boy-poet, in praise of the church from which the oak was taken, encircles the jewel:—

What pyle ys thys,
That byndes in wonders chayne entendement?
And seemeth mountaynes joynd bie cemente,
From God hys greete and wondrous storehouse sent.

An address from the pen of Mr. Recorder Hill, and beautifully written and illuminated on vellum, by a lady of Bristol, and forming in itself a work of art, is inclosed beneath the pendant. And last, though not least, care and design have been shown in the manufacture of the lock, the key of which is of pure gold, and within the bow the word "Bristol" is formed in a monogram curiously wrought.

GRAND PASSAGE OF ARMS AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.

A GRAND assault of arms, under the patronage of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. C. Fitzgerald de Ros and the officers of the first Regiment of Life Guards, for the benefit of the widow of the late Corporal-Major Thomas Sutton, took place on Saturday afternoon last at Willis's Rooms. The room was well filled, the performance taking place in the centre. The programme comprised contests with singlesticks, foils, sabres, and sabres and bayonets; and the performances were loudly applauded. Among other feats also executed were the following:—Corporal-Major Waite, 2nd Life Guards, having suspended a bar of lead about two inches square, cut it in two with an apparently light blow, and afterwards divided a leg of mutton with a single stroke. With the same sword he, with two cuts, divided an apple hung in a silk handkerchief into quarters without injuring the handkerchief.

The celebrated feat of cutting a whole sheep in two with a single blow was then performed by Corporal-Major St. John, 1st Life Guards, who subsequently received well-merited applause for the ease with which he cut a silk handkerchief lightly placed upon the edge of his weapon. Among those who took part in the exercises were, besides the gentlemen already named, Captains G. Chapman and MacLoughlin, Corporal-Majors Adcock, Galbraith, Gregson, and Learmont; J. Latham, G. S. Batty, and J. Mitchell, Esqrs.; Corporals Maddocks, Butt, Bee, Wordsworth, and

Cornish; Trooper Otterbury, &c. The band of the 1st Life Guards performed a selection of music during the intervals of the entertainment.

THE COLONY OF NATAL.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS PRODUCTS.

NATAL was first discovered by the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama, who sighted its shores on Christmas Day, 1497, and gave it the name of Terra Natalis, from which the English appellation is derived and abbreviated. Though discovered by the Portuguese, it was not occupied by them; and for about two centuries it must be presumed that no ships touched the wild and thickly-wooded land of Terra Natalis. In 1721, the Dutch made an abortive attempt to found a trading settlement on its coasts, and when, after a short struggle, that adventure collapsed, the country—so far as European nations were concerned—became again a no man's land, until, in 1823, Lieutenant Farewell, accompanied by a small band of adventurous spirits, established a settlement at the port which has since been known as Durban. Lieutenant Farewell and his associates, unsupported by the British Government, which declined appropriating Natal, attracted to their settlement large numbers of the native Kaffir population, and British justice, even in its rudimentary and most irresponsible form, promised such effectual protection from the arbitrary rule of the tribes that large numbers of refugees continued, year after year, to reinforce the new settlement and extend its borders. In 1835 a considerable addition had been made to the number of English settlers near Durban, and shortly afterwards a large proportion of the Dutch farmers from the Cape of Good Hope gave the infant colony an additional supply of European organisation, perseverance, and enterprise. In 1843 Natal was at length admitted to the privileges of a British colony, though dependent on the Cape, and in 1856 it was established by Royal charter as a separate and independent colony.

Natal occupies the same parallel of latitude as Algeria, Queensland, Chili, and other countries renowned for fertility of soil and variety of products. It is 36 deg. east of Greenwich and 30 deg. south of the line. Its seaboard extends over 150 miles, overlooking the Indian Ocean at a point of the South African continent about 800 miles to the north-east of the Cape of Good Hope. Near the tropics, but not within them, Natal is equally free from the distressing heats of the torrid zone and the inclemencies of higher latitudes. The climate, mild and genial, is neither too severe nor too relaxing even for Europeans of the untravelled classes. The thermometer ranges from 38 deg. to 96 deg. The ordinary temperature of the winter months—May to August—is from 60 deg. to 67 deg., while the summer—from October to March—shows a variation of 80 deg. to 90 deg., tempered by frequent rains. Periods of extreme heat are short and few. The sultriness of the warm districts on the coast is checked by a steady sea breeze, which springs up about noon and continues until sunset. Thus much of the climate generally; but it should not be forgotten that, owing to the peculiar configuration of the land, Natal has three distinct climates; and though its area does not exceed that of Scotland, it unites within itself the climates and the capabilities of many countries. The land rises gradually but steadily from the shore, and Pietermaritzburg, though only fifty miles from the sea, is full 2000 ft. above its level; and at the extreme border of the colony the altitude is 5000 ft. The atmosphere on the coast is warm, moist, and semi-tropical, and in the upper country the air is cool and bracing; while on the upper ranges of the Drakensberg Mountains—the chief chain—the temperature approaches that of the northern parts of Europe. The Drakensberg Mountains, too, collect and discharge into the low lands the numerous streams which make Natal the best watered country on earth. Besides two large rivers—the Tugela and the Irmikulu, not less than twenty-four smaller rivers carry their tribute of waters to the sea. This abundance of water produces a most luxuriant vegetation; but the timber forests, rich in building and cabinet woods, are chiefly in the upper country. The middle country consists of a succession of large, grassy hills: these are the pas-



EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.



GROUP OF POLISH CHILDREN.



SAPPHIRE, DIAMOND, AND PEARL PENDANT PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF BRISTOL TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

CARVED OAK CASKET IN WHICH THE PENDANT WAS CONTAINED.



tures of the colony. Its mineral resources, though supposed to be large, are as yet altogether undeveloped.

In referring to the various products of this singularly-gifted country, it is but right to state that its cultivation is as yet tentative, and that about twelve years ago scarcely anything was known of the exports of Natal. At the present day the coast lands produce sugar, coffee, tea, indigo, arrowroot, ginger, tobacco, and other tropical crops. The midlands and uplands produce maize, oats, pumpkins, melons, squashes, yams, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, and other northern vegetables. From the pineapple to the apple and the peach, there are few varieties of fruit that cannot be luxuriantly grown. Fibre-yielding plants have a genial home in Natal. Silk can be produced to any extent, as the mulberry grows with remarkable rapidity, and the worms are specially prolific. Careful calculations warrant the belief that cotton can be grown at a cost from 6d. to 8d. per pound.

The progress of cultivation and commerce in Natal will best be shown by the following statistics:—In 1846 the imports amounted to £41,000, and the exports to £17,000. In 1856 the imports were £162,000 and the exports £56,000; the imports for 1861 had reached the sum of £402,000 and the exports that of £119,000.

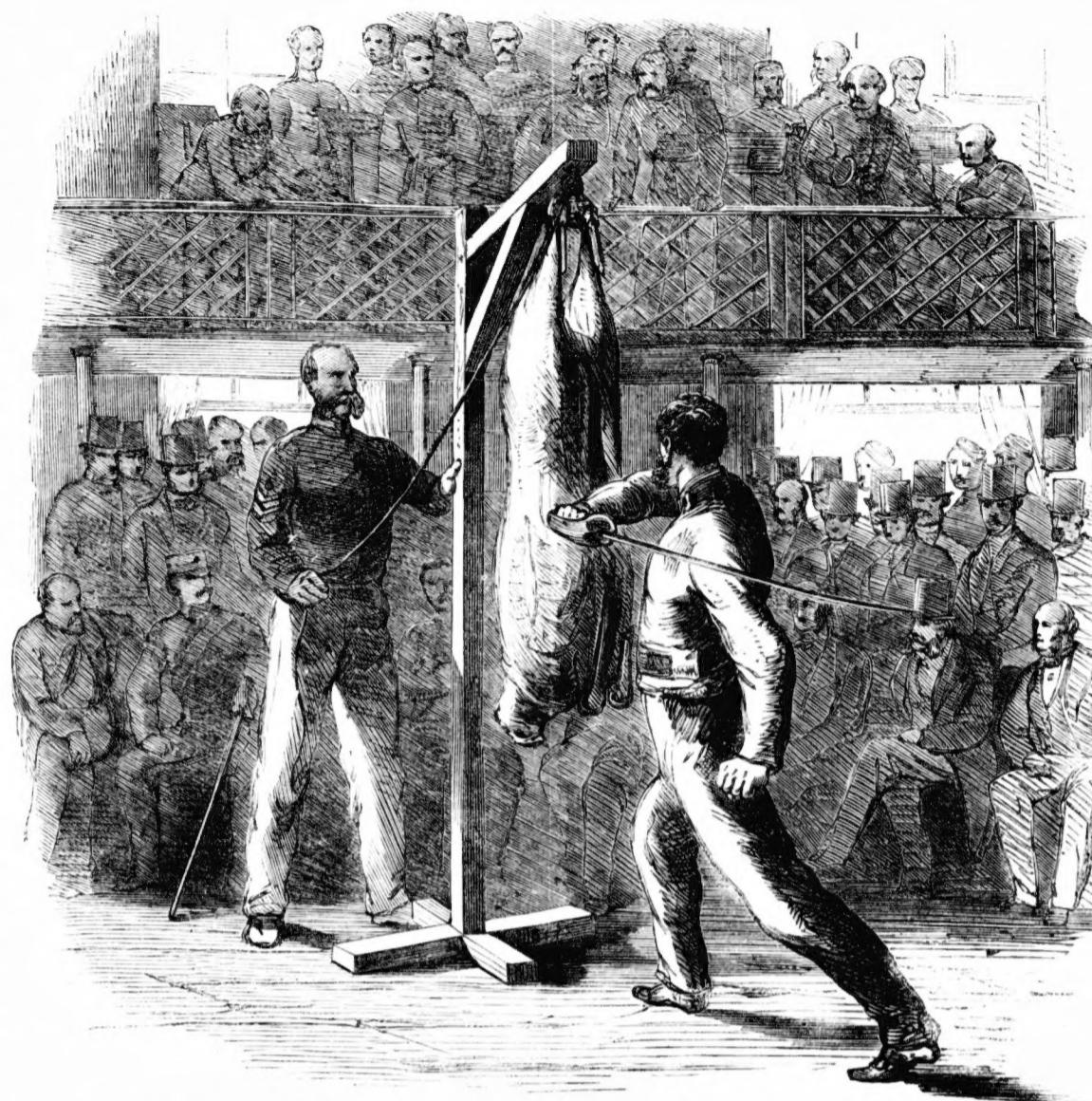
The white population numbers about 15,000; of these 2500 are settled in the seaport town of Durban, and 3500 in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the midland district. This European population, leading in the van of progress, drags, or attempts to drag, with it an army of near 200,000 Kaffirs—almost all of them refugees, and, consequently, without any tribal union. These Kaffirs can occasionally be induced to act as hired labourers; but that they are unreliable and unskillful is proved by the importation, at considerable expense, of 1600 East India coolies. What Natal still wants is capital and labour, and a steady supply of these will soon develop her enormous natural capabilities, and make her what she ought to be—one of the most prosperous among the British colonies.

THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS.

There are, we suppose, few, if any, of the British colonies which have not, like the mother country, organised corps of volunteers.

Canada has them, which may perhaps to some extent account for the disinclination of the Legislature of that country to provide for the support of a large militia force; the Australian colonies all have them; the old Cape Colony is particularly strong in its volunteer musters; and even in the comparatively recent settlement of Natal the volunteer movement is in full vigour. This is a very satisfactory state of things; because, independently of the

Durban Rangers, 58; Natal Carabineers (Pietermaritzburg), 98; Natal Mounted Guard, 46: total, 202. Infantry: Durban Rifle Guard, 115; Pietermaritzburg Rifles, 80; Isipingo Rifles, 34: total, 229. A grand rifle contest was to take place on the 14th of March, between the Durban Guard and the Victoria Mounted Rifles, in the town of Durban, on which occasion an animated scene and a keen contest were expected.



CORPORAL MAJOR ST. JOHN, 1ST LIFE GUARDS, CUTTING A SHEEP IN TWO AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.



Corporal Spencer. Paymaster J. Davies. Corporal Head (undress). Corporal Packman. Capt. Brickhill. Capt. R. J. Rolleston. Surg. E. W. Holland. First Lieut. G. W. Bancroft. Serg. J. Lean. Quartermaster G. Russell. Second Lieut. C. J. Collinson. Major C. J. Cato. Colonel H. J. Miller. First Lieut. B. W. Greenacre. Second Lieut. H. R. Glegg.

THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE DURBAN RIFLE GUARD, PORT NATAL.—(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. H. CALDECOTT.)

sense of security these corps impart against assaults from without, and the commendable feeling of pride which they beget of owing safety to one's own arm, the exercise of the physical powers necessarily involved in learning drill and performing field evolutions will impart to the frames of the colonial youth a degree of muscle and vigour which the relaxing influences of the climate in some cases might otherwise tend to destroy. We have been favoured with photographs of a group of officers of the Rifle Guard of Durban, Natal, which we here-with reproduce in an Engraving. The uniform of this corps is exceedingly becoming and serviceable. It is red, dish-grey in colour, trimmed for officers, with silver lace edged with scarlet cord, and for privates with black braid edged with scarlet cord. The accoutrements for the officers are of patent leather, and for the privates of black leather. The plate on the crossbelt, the buckle-plate of sword-belt, and the front of the cap, have each the letters "D. R. G." (Durban Rifle Guard) engraved upon them in relief. The metal fittings are electro-plated, and the arms consist of short Enfield rifle and sword-bayonet. This corps, which has also an artillery company connected with it, had a muster and field-day on the 21st of February last, when they were inspected by Captain Rolleston, Inspector of Volunteers for the colony, who, after putting the corps through a variety of manoeuvres, highly complimented the officers on the efficiency in drill and the soldierly bearing which the men exhibited. Attached to the corps there is an excellent instrumental band, and a new corps of engineers has recently been formed, so that with its Rifle Guard, the Artillery, three corps of Cavalry, and the Engineers, the colony has within its limits an almost complete little army of citizen-soldiers. The following is the muster-roll of the volunteer force of Natal (Oct., 1862):—Cavalry: Royal

Durban Rangers, 58; Natal Carabineers (Pietermaritzburg), 98; Natal Mounted Guard, 46: total, 202. Infantry: Durban Rifle Guard, 115; Pietermaritzburg Rifles, 80; Isipingo Rifles, 34: total, 229.

A grand rifle contest was to take place on the 14th of March, between the Durban Guard and the Victoria Mounted Rifles, in the town of Durban, on which occasion an animated scene and a keen contest were expected.

LOSS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON STEAM-SHIP.

THE steam-ship Anglo-Saxon, from Liverpool and Londonderry, for Quebec, while in a dense fog, some three miles distant from Cape Race, on the 27th of April, went on shore, and in a short time became a total wreck. Of 444 passengers and crew who were on board 187 have reached land or been picked up in small boats; the fate of the others is not yet known. Steamers have been dispatched to the scene of the disaster, with the hope of rescuing any of the survivors who may have taken to rafts or boats belonging to the steamer, which have not yet been heard from. Among those saved are the Hon. John Young, of Montreal, his wife, and seven children. A despatch from the mail officer, dated the 29th, states that all the mails are lost, and, as he states, 237 lives; it is possible, however, that some other persons may yet be picked up on rafts or boats belonging to the ship which are at present unaccounted for. The intelligence received of this sad disaster is as yet merely telegraphic, but full details will probably only confirm the melancholy tale. It would appear that the disaster is attributable to fog. In the months when fogs are most prevalent in the vicinity of Cape Race it is understood that they exist about 45 days out of 100, and when it is borne in mind that from Liverpool alone three steamers leave weekly for the United States and one for Canada, and that as many return, all of which direct their course to Cape Race, the danger of collision between two of them running in contrary directions appears so great that even the constant vigilance exercised by the commanders and officers of these steamers may not always avert a serious catastrophe, the danger of which none know better or more fully appreciate than these officers themselves.

The ill-fated vessel belonged to a Liverpool company, which is subsidised by the Canadian Government to carry mails. They have now six steamers, and one building. They have lost five vessels within the last six years. The Anglo-Saxon had not only the Canadian mails, but also mails for the western, north-western, and south-western parts of the United States on board. It would appear that the Anglo-Saxon was approaching Cape Race for the purpose of communicating her European news there, and of receiving intelligence as to the state of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, so as to enable the captain to judge whether he ought to make for that river or run to Portland. It was at one time hoped that every American packet would call at Cape Race on their eastern and western passages to receive American and communicate European news, but for the last six months few packets going eastward have been able to call on account of the danger incurred by so doing. Could any means be adopted of lessening this danger, we should receive almost three days later news by the New York steamers than we do at present—that is, our news from the United States would be only seven or eight days old, instead of ten or eleven, as is now the case.

THE FIRST OFFICER'S STATEMENT.

The Anglo-Saxon left Liverpool on the 16th ult., at five p.m. She experienced strong westerly gales until Saturday, the 25th, at eight p.m., when she fell in with ice and a thick fog. The engines were immediately slowed. At ten p.m., the ice being thick and heavy, the engines were stopped altogether, a light breeze from the south forcing the ship ahead about one knot an hour. At five a.m. on the 26th the fog lifted, and, the ice having slackened, we set the foretop-sails and head sails, running the engines occasionally at a dead slow. At half-past ten a.m. the fog cleared away altogether, and we saw clear water to the west-northwest from the masthead. We continued our course towards clear water. At two p.m. we got the ship clear of ice and steered north-west by west with full speed and with all possible sail. A moderate breeze was blowing from the southward at this time. At noon, latitude 46° 57', longitude 57° 24', by the chronometer. At ten p.m. the breeze freshened and blew strongly from the south-south-east, and a dense fog set in. We took in all sail at eight a.m. on the 27th. The fog still continued to be dense; and, supposing the ship to be forty miles off Cape Race, we altered her course to west half north, and slowed the engines to half speed, which we supposed would have taken us seventeen miles south of Cape Race. At ten minutes past eleven a.m. breakers were reported on the starboard beam. Captain Burgess immediately ordered the engines to be reversed at full speed; but before her headway could be stopped she struck flat on the rocks off Clam Cove, about four miles north of Cape Race. A heavy sea rolling in drove her quarter on the rocks, carrying away her rudder, sternpost, and propeller. Finding that there was no possibility of the ship coming off, the order was given to let go both anchors, to hold the ship on the rocks. The carpenter was forthwith sent to examine the forepeak, and found it filling fast with water. He also examined the forehold, but found no water there. The chief engineer, coming up directly afterwards, reported the forward stokehole filling fast. He opened the valves and blew the steam out of the boilers. The boats were all immediately lowered successfully, except No. 1 and No. 3. The ship was so close to the rocks that these could not be got out. Boat No. 2, with some of the crew and passengers, commanded by Captain Crawford, was sent to find a place to land the passengers. Some of the crew being landed on the rocks by means of a studding-sail boom, with the help of some of the passengers, got a hawser secured to a rock to keep the vessel from listing out. We then commenced to land the female passengers on the rocks by means of the fore yardarm. The first-class passengers were put into a boat. At about noon the ship's stern swung off from the rocks, and she settled down very fast, listing to port at the same time, and sunk in deep water. The captain and a great many passengers were on deck at the time, and, with a part of the crew, were all lost.

THE SUBLIME PORTE AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Sublime Porte has addressed a despatch to its representatives in Paris and London on the subject of the Suez Canal. In this document it says:—

It does not enter into the ideas of the Porte to prevent the realisation of an enterprise which may be of general utility, but it can only consent to it:—1. On being assured of international stipulations which will guarantee the complete neutrality of the canal in a manner analogous to the existing guarantees for the neutrality of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus; and 2. On such conditions as will secure the important interests which it is the duty of the Porte to protect. Now the present scheme offers none of these indispensable guarantees. There are, in particular, two facts which from the beginning attracted our most serious attention—namely:—1. That, notwithstanding the abolition in the empire of forced labour, and notwithstanding the recent decree of the Viceroy establishing the same prohibition, the preparatory works are being carried on by forced labour alone. The Egyptian Administration forces 20,000 men per month to abandon their families and their callings to work at this canal. While 20,000 are at work as many as 40,000 are always on the road or preparing to set out, so that 60,000 men are permanently abstracted from their homes and business. The Sublime Porte cannot possibly sanction such practices in Egypt while it does not permit them in any other part of its empire. The second fact to which I above allude is that, together with the fresh-water canals, the adjoining territory is ceded to the company. According to the proposed contract, the company is to have a right to claim all the land bordering upon the canals in question wherever they may be carried. Thus the towns of Suez, Tisimah, and Port Said, as well as the entire frontier of Syria, would necessarily and naturally pass into the hands of a joint-stock company, composed in great part of foreigners, subjected to the jurisdiction of the authorities of their respective countries. The company might, therefore, at its pleasure create on important points of the Ottoman Empire colonies almost independent of the empire. We are sure there is no Government in the world possessing any such feeling of independence and duality which would subscribe to a transaction of this nature.

The despatch concludes:—

Being willing to take into consideration the private interests involved in this enterprise, the Sublime Porte will endeavour, in conjunction with his Highness Ismail Pacha, to take the necessary measures for returning the money the company may have spent, in the event of its not wishing to continue the works without advantages which cannot be conceded to it, and, in that case, the said company will, of course, surrender the works it has already commenced, and all the land it holds as property.

This despatch has caused much depression among the friends of the canal project in Paris, as it is regarded as a heavy blow and great discouragement to the success of the undertaking.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES honoured Viscount Palmerston with their company to dinner at Cambridge House on Wednesday. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington have likewise had the honour of entertaining their royal Highnesses.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 21.

ET TU, BRUTE!

WHAT Hannibal's vinegar was to the heated Alpine rocks the Prisons Ministers Bill is to the political parties in the House. Nothing in our day has had such a disintegrating effect upon said political parties as this miserable bill. It has split them to pieces—set Whigs against Whigs, Tories against Tories, Protestants against Protestants, Radicals against Radicals; whilst, on the other hand, it has brought into temporary alliance ancient antagonists that never were allied before—Tories vote with extreme Radicals—High Churchmen move shoulder to shoulder with Nonconformists—pious Protestants are found in the same lobby with Ultramontanist Papists. But perhaps the most extraordinary effect of the bill is shown in the conduct of the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, member for Perth, banker in Pall-mall, and heir presumptive to his brother, Lord Kinnaird. Have we ever sketched a portrait of Mr. Kinnaird? We think not. We do not remember that during the eight years we have had the honour to present to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES portraits of the members of the House of Commons we have ever done more for Mr. Kinnaird than just to give him now and then passing nod. And yet Mr. Kinnaird is a notable member in his way, and is as well known in the House as the celebrated pump is to the inhabitants of Aldgate and the Minories. A word or two, then, about Mr. Arthur Kinnaird. This gentleman is, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, like Cerberus—three gentlemen at once. First and foremost, he is a banker—partner of the great banking house of Ransome, Bouvier, and Co.—managing partner, we are told. Secondly, he is an earnest and sincere member of what is called the Shaftesbury school—takes chair at public meetings of the religious and philanthropic sort; and, in short, is the very *fidus Achates* of the noble Earl who is the acknowledged head of these movements. And, thirdly, Mr. Arthur Kinnaird is a member of Parliament. In politics he is a Whig, and so thoroughly a Palmerstonian that he has come to be called in the House "Palmerston's Shadow." He was by the noble Lord's side all through the Scottish tour. He is as well known at Broadlands and Cambridge House as the noble Lord's secretary, and in the House of Commons he sits close behind the Premier; and whenever the noble Lord makes a speech the sonorous, peculiar, emphatic "Hear, hear!" of Mr. Kinnaird is so sure to be heard that we have come to consider it a necessary accompaniment—a sort of second fiddle to his Lordship's first. Indeed, it has been asserted that he has been so accustomed to cheer and nod approval when Lord Palmerston speaks, that even in those excessively rare cases when he does not approve of the measure which the Premier defends, he (Mr. K.) cheers and nods approval still. Mr. Kinnaird may be easily known. He is rather short in stature; has a broad, open, good-humoured, and not unintelligent face; is often without his hat; and, as we have said, sits close behind the Premier. But if you wish to note him you must be very quick; for he is a restless being. Late at night he may sit for half an hour at a time in his place; but early in the evening he is restless as a swallow. Now you see him on his legs presenting a petition or asking a question; anon he is flitting away with a heap of letters in his hand. Again, you catch sight of him threading the crowd in the lobby, apparently talking to half a dozen people at once. In a moment he is in a hansom, dashing up Whitehall to meet some deputation or to preside at a public meeting. In short, in all creation there is no more restless, impulsive, swift-darting bird than Mr. Kinnaird. "That little man," said a gentleman once in our hearing, as he lazily noted the swift movements of the member for Perth, "must get through a deal of business in the course of the day." "Yes," was the reply of an Irish member, "truly, you're right. He does get through it, and only gets through it, for he never stops long enough to do it." Such then, is Mr. Kinnaird; and now to "return to our mattoons." Mr. Kinnaird, too, has revolted, and on this Prison Ministers Bill has forsaken his colours and gone slap over to the enemy. "Did ever man see the like of that?" said a gentleman as the honourable member for Perth passed through the "No" lobby with a cluster of Tories; "there is Arthur Kinnaird voting against the Government!" Mr. Kinnaird is, however, not to be charged with inconsistency in this matter. He is a Whig, 'tis true, and a Palmerstonian; but, above all, he is a Protestant, and therefore he dislikes this bill. It is not that he loves Palmerston less, but Protestantism more.

SIR MORTON PETO ATTACKS DISRAELI.

This bill, besides the effect which it has had upon party organisation, has led to some curious scenes in the house. That was a singular exhibition which we had on Thursday night last week, when the bill was in Committee. It was getting late; we had been working away at the bill all the evening. The clause then under debate was that which provides for the payment of Roman Catholic chaplains, and we seemed to be about to come to a division thereon; when, suddenly, as if he were inspired, Sir Morton Peto jumped up, and, in a tone and temper very foreign to the honourable Baronet, pitched unmercifully into Disraeli with words so sharp, so pointed, so incisive, that the House was startled as if a bomb-shell had fallen into its midst. The words were to this effect:—That the right honourable gentleman the member for Bucks "had assumed the character of defender of the Church for party purposes." Very sharp words, indeed—unparliamentary, in fact; for by a well-known rule no one has a right to impute improper motives to an opponent. But, strong as the words were, it is questionable whether the Conservative chief would have shown any signs of being hit, or condescended to reply otherwise than by a passing sarcasm, if these words had not been accepted by the House. No; it was not the attack of the Finsbury Baronet so much as the responsive cheers which came in such volume from his own side, that moved and startled Disraeli, for moved and startled he evidently was. His features became suddenly flushed; he relaxed his usual statue-like attitude, and seemed at one time as if he would have jumped up and interrupted the honourable Baronet by calling him to order. Nor was this surprising, for consider what the right honourable gentleman had to endure at that moment. Before him was this Finsbury Baronet hitting him in his tenderest part; behind him his own party hounding on his foe; whilst the Government and the Whigs behind were laughing the while at the scene. The Finsbury Baronet at any other time he could have settled with a stroke of his paw. The laughter of the Whigs he would have despised; but those cheers behind him, what could he do with them? His position was indeed strange, perplexing, and irritating. How he would have rejoiced just then to have been freed from the trammels of leadership, and should not we have rejoiced also to have seen him free—to have heard his wild shriek of liberty, and to have seen him, unrestrained by all prudential restraints and party ties, pour down, with all his old force, upon his enemies in front and upon his traitorous friends behind? Well, it may come to this some day. There are not wanting signs of a change. And, as we have within the last ten years seen Palmerston, and Russell, and Gladstone, on unofficial benches, pouring down shot and shell upon a Whig Government, why should not we see Disraeli aloft there on a back seat shelling, as it were, a Conservative Ministry?

DISRAELI REPLIES.

After Sir Morton Peto came Disraeli, but he had almost recovered his equilibrium before he rose. He first alluded to the member for Finsbury in passing, and then he wandered away into a disquisition on the Established Church. It was not an endowed Church; it was not a State Church, but something transcendental; all of which was not acceptable to a practical House of Commons. It might have excited applause at Slough, but it evoked none here. The Radicals laughed outright, the Conservatives were dumb, and the Whigs on and behind the Government benches smiled serenely upon the scene. Nor was Mr. Disraeli's position mended when Mr. White got up and in a few sharp words, amidst loud cheers, tore the transcendental theory to shreds; nor when Mr. Newdegate rose and, in his solemn way and with an emphatic action, declared that "the honourable Baronet the member for Finsbury was quite right," and went on to show that Mr. Disraeli was quite wrong. Altogether, to us—knowing, as we do, all the persons and the parties—this was one of the most humorous and curious scenes that we ever saw in Parliament; but it was a scene which no pen could describe nor brush depict, and it was a scene full of meaning to those who have eyes to see it, and full of anguish if we had but the diviners to explain them. It does not, however, come

within the scope of our duties to attempt to explain them, and therefore we leave the subject.

MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

On the next night we had also an exciting and excited debate. It arose quite unexpectedly to most of us. It is true that Mr. Hennessy had a motion for Italian papers on the paper, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck had another. Few, however, anticipated that the debate thereon would last beyond the dinner-hour; but it occupied the whole of the night, was not closed till after midnight, and turned up in its course some remarkable speakers. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck delivered a long address, and spoke with remarkable force and freedom for him. Mr. Bentinck is the son of Lord Frederick Bentinck, and is by profession a practising barrister. He came into Parliament in 1859, and has often addressed the House. Up to last Friday night, however, we did not think much of him as a speaker. He is an excitable, nervous, electric little man, and not unfrequently when he spoke he got so excited and fidgety that his words tumbled out in the most disorderly way, and his manner was so restless that it was not pleasant to look upon him; and he seemed to be too self-sufficient with more given to confident assertion than argument. Now and then he made a successful point; but, on the whole, he was generally dubbed a failure. But on this occasion he retrieved his position. He kept down his excitement, managed his materials in a more business-like way, and, in short, delivered rather an effective speech. Mr. Bentinck though, this speech notwithstanding, will never be a great power in the House. At the basis of all real power, in the house or elsewhere, there must be a capability of thinking calmly. It is impossible to imagine that such a restless, excitable mortal as Mr. Bentinck can think calmly; nor are there any evidences of calm thoughtfulness in his speeches.

LAYARD'S EXPLOSION.

A glance at our paper warns us that we ought to come at once to the event of the night, but we must say a word or two upon Mr. Layard's speech and its effects. We have more than once likened some speeches to fizzing squibs, with a bang at the end. Mr. Layard began with a bang. For a long time before Mr. Bentinck sat down you could see that Mr. Layard was getting the steam up, irritating himself, stirring up his wrath, and was upon the spring. Well, at last the time came; and in a moment he was upon his legs. And straightway he sent forth such a blast of wrath, that the whole House was in a state of excitement. And, as to little Mr. Bentinck, if there had not been two rows of benches and the table between him and his opponent we verily believe that he would have sprung at Layard, and, without a figure of speech, regularly pitched into him. To the looker-on nothing could be more amusing than the excitement of the little man. He shrieked out "No, no!" he took off his hat and threw it on the seat; he clutched the rail before him convulsively; more than once he was on his legs; and all the while every feature of his face was distorted with rage. Nor was the Conservative party generally unexcited. Indeed, the storm which Mr. Layard raised was something alarming for the time, and it really became questionable whether his opponents would suffer him to go on. However, the tempest passed, as all tempests do in time. But, with all deference to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, this irritability is not suitable to the dignity of the Minister—not consistent with the wisdom of a statesman; nor is it in accordance with all rules which orators have laid down. Indeed, to begin by offending your audience is directly contrary to one of the great canons of oratory. "That manth mad," said a member, assuming the tone and manner of Lord Dundreary, "I'm shure he's mad."

A SUCCESSFUL DEBUT.

And now to the event of the evening—to wit, the entrance upon the Parliamentary boards of Mr. Butler-Johnstone. The hon. gentleman is the son of Mr. Henry Alexander Butler-Johnstone, and succeeded to the representation of Canterbury in February, 1862, when his father retired. When Mr. Butler-Johnstone the son came into the house members said, "Why, what a boy he is! Surely, he can hardly be of age?" And he was but just of age; not of age, we are told, when the writ was issued; and only two or three days beyond twenty-one when he entered the house. And he is very young-looking—a mere boy, in fact—small in stature, very thin, and very unassuming in manner. Until this night Mr. Butler-Johnstone had not spoken, and when he rose from the back seat to follow Lord Henry Lennox, many of the members inconstantly moved off. It was dinner-time, and why should they stop to listen to a lad like this? But they were wrong; for this gentleman, young as he is and simple as he looks, proceeded to deliver a very remarkable speech. His style was neat and clear; his facts were all well arranged, and used with great effect. His reasoning from them was close and sound; his voice was clear and musical, and his manner was simple and effective; and for three-quarters of an hour he held this critical assembly in close attention as not twenty members can hold it; for, remember, it was a large House, and, further, it was dinner time; and note, also, that this was no studied speech written down and committed to memory, and sedulously practised in private; for it was an answer point by point to what had immediately gone before. In short, considering the youth of the speaker, and that this was his first speech, we must decide that this was a great success. And so the House decided, for it cheered Mr. Butler-Johnstone lustily when he sat down. Several of his friends went up to him and congratulated him on his success; and Gladstone, Palmerston, and Disraeli all mentioned the speech with commendation. Laudare a laudato—to be praised by the praised. What greater honour can be achieved?

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 8.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

POLAND.

The Earl of SHAFESBURY presented several petitions in respect to Poland. He entered into a long review of the state of that country, and asked that it should have the closest attention.

The Earl of HARROWBY said that, while he deprecated entering into a war with Russia, he thought their Lordships should not hesitate to express their opinion on the present state of affairs in Poland.

EARL RUSSELL, in reply, said he felt a great sense of responsibility lest he should give too sanguine a colour to the representations made by the Powers of Europe to Russia, and should say too much as to his expectations of success, and also lest he should induce their Lordships or the Polish nation to believe that the Government were prepared to take part in the conflict or to do more than address the Government of Russia on the subject. He then entered at length into the question, and in some measure answered Prince Gortscakoff's recent despatch. He concluded by expressing his belief that the Emperor of Russia could not long withstand the public opinion of Europe, and that it would be well for the House to have confidence in the Government.

After a few words from Lord Malmesbury, the matter dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CITY POLICE AMALGAMATION BILL.

MR. HENNESSY brought up the report of the Standing Orders Committee in reference to the Police Amalgamation Bill. The Examiner of Standing Orders had reported that those orders had not been complied with, and the Committee had to inquire whether there were any reasons why the orders should be suspended. They report that they ought not to be suspended, and there is an end of the Police Bill.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

MR. HENNESSY called attention to a despatch from Mr. Consul Bonham, dated the 27th of January, 1863, in which it was represented that the British trade with Naples and Sicily had continued to increase, which, he observed, conflicted with the reports of the Board of Trade, whi

ch had been a decline of the trade between 1861 and 1862. He moved for further papers relating to the state of Southern Italy.

MR. C. BENTINCK arraigned some of the statements made by the Government on the authority of Sir James Hudson and Mr. Consul Bonham, whose reports, he said, were not to be implicitly relied on. He referred also to statements made in the despatches of Mr. Odo Russell, which, he insisted, were not consistent with the facts, and entered somewhat fully into the subject of brigandage in Southern Italy.

MR. LAYARD admitted that there were things to be deplored in the kingdom of Naples, which were to be traced to two plain causes—the demoralisation produced by its late Government and the brigandage fomented at Rome

which threw obstacles in the way of the Italian Government in its efforts to establish order. He vindicated our diplomatic and consular agents in Italy from the attacks made upon them by Mr. Bentinck, and, while he repeated that the state of things in Italy was not altogether satisfactory, he observed that no country had effected its independence in so short a time with so little to complain of.

Lord H. LENNOX asserted that there existed in Naples the same system of espionage as prevailed under the Bourbon rule, with arbitrary arrests and imprisonments; that not only in Naples, but in Genoa, Florence, Milan, and Bologna, so far from the press being free, a gag was placed upon it; the censorship was most severe, newspapers were suppressed for trivial causes, and editors were imprisoned; and that liberty of the person was violated, persons being detained long in prison without trial, and without knowing the cause of imprisonment.

The debate was continued by Mr. Butler-Johnstone, Mr. Gower, Sir G. Bowyer, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Slater-Booth, and Sir J. Walsh.

Lord PALMERSTON did not deny that in the Neapolitan territory there existed abuses, the relic of a system overthrown by Garibaldi. The Italian Government had a difficult task to perform—that of welding together different States into one harmonious whole—and it was hardly to be expected that in two years such a task could be satisfactorily accomplished. It had been accomplished, however, in a remarkable degree. Naples was an exception, because Naples was in the neighbourhood of Rome, where there was a French garrison, and where there was a committee employed in organising bands of murderers, the scum and dregs of every nation, and sending them into the Neapolitan territory.

Mr. DISRAEELI, after a review of Italian politics, examined and condemned the policy pursued by her Majesty's Government, which at first, and for some time, he said, was vacillating and timid; and, instead of assisting the patriotic views of Italian statesmen, had, on the contrary, been a policy which tended to weaken Italy, to distract Europe, and to lay the foundation of future embarrassment.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that even in the prisons of Naples improvements had begun, and every abuse was now freely denounced in Italy itself. Publicity had, therefore, been obtained for Italy, and he was convinced that the Italian Government would not resent the disclosures now made, but would feel that all who assisted in dragging abuses to the light of day were co-operators with it. In replying to Mr. Disraeli, he appealed, he said, as to the policy of her Majesty's Government towards Italy, from him to the Italian people, who took a different view of that policy, in vindication of which he appealed likewise to the people of England. Mr. Disraeli had talked of the renunciation by the Italian Government of extreme views; but it was no extreme view to look upon Rome as the natural capital of a strong Italian kingdom. There was one thing upon which England had made up its mind, and that was that Italy ought to be one, and ought to be free.

The motion having been withdrawn, the House went pro forma into a Committee of Supply.

MONDAY, MAY 11.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE CASE OF MR. BISHOP.

The Marquis of NORMANBY brought forward the case of Mr. James Bishop, who is at present undergoing a sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the fortress of Alexandria, on the charge of conspiring against the Italian Government. His Lordship said the case was unparalleled, and that there was no instance of a similar punishment being inflicted on a British subject on such a charge. He asserted that he had been arrested by mistake, struck and challenged to fight, and that his sole offence was the use of some harmless words.

After several of their Lordships had spoken on the subject, Earl RUSSELL said Mr. Bishop had had a fair and impartial trial; but her Majesty's Government had interceded in his behalf, and had succeeded in getting the sentence of ten years' hard labour commuted to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress, and they entertained the hope that at the first favourable opportunity the Italian Government would be disposed to grant him a free pardon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE GREEK THRONE.

Lord PALMERSTON stated, in reply to Mr. B. Cochrane, that no final decision had yet been arrived at with reference to the acceptance by Prince Frederick William of Denmark of the throne of Greece, but he hoped that an arrangement would soon be made on the subject.

PRISON MINISTERS BILL.

The House went into Committee on the Prison Ministers Bill, and resumed the consideration of clause 3. An amendment proposed by Mr. Packe, to omit the words in the clause, charging the county or borough rate with the payments for the chaplains to be appointed under the bill, led to some discussion. On the Committee dividing, the amendment was negatived by 192 to 126. On the question that the 3rd clause stand part of the bill, another division was taken, but the clause was agreed to by 166 to 71. The bill then passed through Committee, and was reported to the House.

TUESDAY, MAY 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On the motion of Lord Chelmsford, the London Traffic Regulation Bill passed through Committee. The object of the bill was to empower the corporation to make by-laws to regulate the City traffic, subject to the sanction of the Home Secretary. The Cayman Islands Bill and the London Diocese Bill were read a third time and passed; and the Elections during Recess Bill was passed through Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ITALY.

Mr. HENNESSY asked whether Lord Palmerston had communicated to the French Government a despatch from Mr. Odo Russell from which Mr. Layard had quoted on Friday evening.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply, deprecated the prolonging of a discussion on the only effect of which could be to create ill-feeling between the Duc de Montebello and Mr. Odo Russell. What had been said by each of them as to the dispatch of brigands from Rome to the Neapolitan territory had been founded on the information they had received. He blamed the French Government, however, in whose hands the Pope was a mere puppet, for allowing such proceedings to continue.

Lord J. MANNERS said that, although the noble Lord had not answered the question, he had made a serious charge against a Sovereign who was in friendly alliance with this country. He asked would the despatches be laid upon the table?

Lord PALMERSTON replied that he had no intention of making a charge against the Roman Government. He had simply stated facts.

Lord J. MANNERS again reminded the Premier that he had not said whether he would lay the despatch on the table.

Lord PALMERSTON said he would look at it and see if there was anything in it.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

A debate on the Ionian Islands was introduced by Mr. ROEBUCK, who moved for papers, in relation to the dismissal of two of the Judges of the Supreme Court. He attacked in no measured terms Sir Henry Storks and the Colonial Office, who were defended by Mr. C. Fortescue. The debate was continued by Lord Stanley, Mr. Evans, Mr. Henley, Mr. B. Cochrane, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Coningham. Finally the motion was agreed to.

WASTE LANDS IN INDIA.

Mr. H. SEYMOUR then introduced the question of the waste lands of India. He moved a resolution to the effect that the Government should do its best to promote the occupation of these lands by settlers and the reduction of a portion of the land tax. He contended that the policy of the Government had been such as to throw great hindrances in the way of the settlement of the waste lands, and he urged alteration in that policy. Mr. Smollett and several other speakers followed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Sir J. FERGUSON moved the second reading of the Accidents Compensation Bill, the object of which was to fix the amount for which railway companies and others would be liable in cases of accidents to individuals. Mr. LONGFIELD moved the rejection of the bill, which was also opposed by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. After some discussion, the motion for the second reading was negatived by 90 votes to 70.

CHURCH RATES.

A curious question then arose. On the 6th inst. the Church Rates Redemption Bill of Mr. Alcock was moved for a second reading. The question was then put that the "bill be now read a second time," and the House by a majority of nine negatived the motion. Mr. ALCOCK now moved that the bill be read a second time on the 10th of June, basing his motion on the fact that the House had only so far decided that the bill should not be read a second time on the day when it was first brought forward. Mr. MOWBRAY opposed the proceeding as irregular; but the SPEAKER ruled that Mr. Alcock was right. Some discussion followed, and eventually the House decided by a majority of 39 to 25 that the bill should not be read a second time on the 10th of June.

THURSDAY, MAY 14.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

This being Ascension Day their Lordships did not assemble.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE LOSS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

In reply to Mr. Dawson, Mr. M. GIBSON said that no detailed statements or reports had yet reached the Board of Trade with respect to the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon. The official particulars with respect to that melancholy event would not arrive until the next mail. The Board of Trade had the power of erecting fog signals on points that appeared to require them, and of taxing ships passing for the cost of main-

taining them. It was usual, however, to consult shipowners on the first imposition of a toll; but it appeared, with respect to Cape Race, that the shipowners had not cared to incur the expense of erecting the suggested signal. The subject was, however, under the consideration of the Trinity House.

PRISON MINISTERS BILL.

This bill, as amended, was considered and agreed to, with the addition of an amendment by Mr. Henley, and the bill ordered to be read a third time.

VOLUNTEERS BILL.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON moved the second reading of this bill, which was based upon the recommendation of the late Volunteer Commission. The noble Lord explained the qualifications that would be requisite in order to entitle corps to a share in the grant so voted by Parliament. It was proposed in the future to allow 20s. a year to each volunteer, and 10s. extra for proficiency in ball practice. This year it was proposed to allot 15s. to each foot, and 20s. for each mounted rifleman. He paid a high compliment to the efficiency and equipment of the volunteers, which now numbered 150,000 well-trained men, who, in the event of the country being in danger, would constitute an efficient body for its defence.

After a few observations in support of the measure from several hon. members the bill was read a second time.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Mr. CRAWFORD, on going into Committee on the Thames Embankment (North Side) Bill, moved that the bill be recommitted to the Select Committee, with instructions to take into consideration certain proposals made by the Corporation of the city of London to her Majesty's First Commissioner of Works since the date of the report of the Select Committee.

Mr. COWPER opposed the motion, which, after a brief discussion, was withdrawn.

The House then went into Committee on the bill, and, after a lengthened conversation upon an amendment proposed by Mr. Cowper in reference to the breadth of the proposed new street in the City from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, it was withdrawn for further consideration. Various clauses were criticised and suggestions offered, but no substantial amendment was agreed to.

The remainder of the night was principally occupied with the consideration in Committee of the London Coal and Wine Duties Continuance Bill.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

AMERICAN MISCHIEF.

How much longer is the American civil war to continue? The question is one of deep interest, not only to the combatants, but to the whole community of nations. The incidents of this cruel contest, as carried on by the North, are such as awaken at once indignation and horror. The Northern legions appear to fight less for military advantage than for the sake of the infliction of injury, misery, and degradation. This is not warfare; it is sheer malignity. The onward march of the Northern troops is marked not by glory or victory, but by ravage, cruelty, and destruction. The last great feat, following almost immediately upon the defeat before Charleston, has been the wanton destruction not only of the cotton but of the mills and factories of an entire district. Elsewhere bridges, railroads, and telegraphs are being destroyed as ruthlessly as window-panes in a vulgar riot. The *Times* correspondent, writing from the seat of war, declares that he holds the full particulars, with names, dates, and other details of atrocities, which he dare not print, committed by the Northern soldiery. The New York papers, baulked of recording a victory at Charleston, console themselves by dwelling with delight upon the myth of the utter destruction of the city, which was to have been effected "if" only one or two of the Federal ironclads could have slipped past the Confederate batteries and found the city at their mercy. The issue is therefore acknowledged to lie not in the capture or destruction of an important strategic position, but in the sack and devastation of a place important to the commerce of the world. And this has been the war policy of the North throughout the struggle.

How long are other nations to stand by and quietly view the wholesale sacrifice of human life, the demolition of the means and the products of human industry, and the reckless flinging to the winds of natural gifts destined by Providence for the use of the universe? When the great continent of America was as yet inhabited by savages, the only moral excuse for their dispossessing by enlightened Europe was that these barbarians maintained a fourth quarter of the globe in a state utterly useless to the other three, and that they outraged humanity by their internecine cruelty. In what point will the same reasoning not apply to the present position of America? There was a kind of rough chivalry even among the red-skins, as among all races with whom war has become an institution, and who thereby learn to reverence true manhood, and, beyond this, womanhood. The Federals respect neither. Witness the cold-blooded shooting of prisoners by M'Neill and the anti-feminine atrocities of Butler. They pay no regard even to the benevolence of nature when they attempt, as at Charleston, to destroy eternally one of the finest harbours in the world, and when they wantonly bring an artificial deluge over a tract of Southern land "as large as all Scotland."

It is now some months since that the question of our intervention in American affairs was stayed at the request of the Ministry, that time might be afforded for the progress of events which might, on the one hand, render such intervention useful; or, on the other, unnecessary. Since then, we have borne much suffering, submitted to no little interruption of trade, and even insult, as the consequences of this most miserable war. It is now no nearer any probable spontaneous termination than on the day when the Southern representatives shook hands with their fellow-members and quitted Congress. Nay, it appears still farther from conclusion, for it has been embittered by every crime which can render war atrocious and transform combativeness into mortal hate.

Where is this to end, after all? How much longer is England, sickened at the details of Northern atrocities, insulted and impeded at every turn, injured in her commerce, debilitated in her manufactures, to hold out smilingly the hand of

diplomacy towards a Power which the whole intellect of the country unites in deprecating, not to say execrating? Is such a position as this fitting for England, whose chief pride is in her honesty, freedom, and hatred of oppression? Let us, if need be, veil our sympathies alike for one side as for the other. Let us silence the voice of partisanship; but in the name of common humanity, in the name of every object which should unite all men in one universal bond of brotherhood, leave no means unused, no word unspoken, which may tend to save the needless and fratricidal shedding of blood, the useless misery of women, and the destruction of the gifts of Providence and the means of human industry for generations to come.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HELD A LEVEE, by command of her Majesty, at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday afternoon. It was most numerously attended.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has made a donation of 100 guineas to University College Hospital, in anticipation of the annual dinner on June 2, at which Lord Brougham is to preside.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE inspected four regiments of militia on Tuesday, in Hyde Park. He expressed his high approbation of their efficiency.

KING OTTO demands 6,000,000 drachms for his private property in Greece.

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS which Dr. Longley, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, did, upon being elevated to the primacy, was to insure his life for the sum of £20,000.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has consented to the transfer of the ashes of the Duc de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I., to France.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY has decided to hold its annual show for 1864 at Newcastle.

DURING THE MONTHS of January and February last 51,950,789 lb. of cotton, worth £2,705,635, were shipped from the port of Bombay.

THE FRENCH PAPERS speak very favourably of the harvest prospects in 1864.

A PINNACLE OF BEVERLY MINSTER has been damaged by lightning.

LORD STAMFORD'S HUNTING STUD was sold by auction on Saturday last, in consequence of his Lordship's retirement from the mastership of the Quorn Hounds. Eighty horses were disposed of, and realised the large sum of 15,000 guineas.

RENTS HAVE RISEN ENORMOUSLY in Naples recently, owing to the large increase of population arising from the expansion of trade.

ABOUT £1400 has been collected in aid of the fund for the relief of the wives and families of those men who perished by the wreck of her Majesty's ship *Orpheus*.

DR. EVANS, of Dalston, near Carlisle, died on Saturday last from an overdose of chloroform, which drug he was in the habit of taking to relieve pains to which he was subject.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, the well-known correspondent of the *Times*, is at Lemberg.

MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL, the youngest son of the "Liberator," has been appointed a commissioner of income tax, in place of the late Mr. Bonham.

THE PRUSSIAN AUTHORITIES have decided not to permit the passage over their lines of telegrams containing news unfavourable to Russia.

THE VIENNA JOURNALS state that several cafés of that city have lately introduced a machine for shuffling cards, which performs the work with great celerity.

IN FUTURE, only one franc a ton is to be levied as dues on vessels driven into French ports by stress of weather, provided such vessels, whilst in port, enter into no commercial transactions.

THE TREATY for the capitalisation of the Scheldt dues has been signed at the Hague. All the great Powers adhered.

THE ONCE NOBLE CHURCH OF ST. DENIS—the Westminster Abbey of France—which was destroyed during the first Revolution, is about to be "restored" by the French Government.

A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE had been felt at Rhodes on the 22nd of April last, by which about 2000 houses had been destroyed, with a proportionate loss of life. A subscription for the sufferers has been opened in London, and an earnest appeal is made on their behalf to public sympathy.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE BERLIN CHAMBER has authorised the prosecution of two of the Posen Deputies who are at present in the camp of the Polish insurgents.

TWO MEN—Hides, an engraver, and Light, a lithographic printer—were finally examined before the Sheffield magistrates, on Saturday last, on a charge of forging Federal "greenbacks." They were committed for trial at the Assizes, without the option of bail.

LOCUSTS HAVE MADE GREAT DEVASTATION IN THE PUNJAB. At Nymal Tal the valley was filled with them, and the lake covered with their corpses.

A PARTY OF GENTLEMEN got into a cab in Kingsland the other day, with the intention of going on a pleasure excursion to Lea Bridge, and thence to Tottenham by a small boat; but on the way the cab was upset, and two of the party were killed.

A GIRL, fourteen years of age, daughter of a German musician, named Abel, living at Whitechapel, was burnt to death last week. She had fallen asleep at the fire, and a spark set fire to her dress.

TO SYMBOLISE his devotion to the Czar, King William of Prussia drives out in a carriage drawn by horses harnessed in the Russian manner, and driven by a coachman wearing the national Russian costume. He is always enveloped in a cloak, with a military helmet on, and is never accompanied.

A RUMOUR is current that Lord Clarence Paget is about to proceed to the North American station to relieve Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B. It is stated that he will hoist his flag in his old ship the *Princess Royal*.

THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH, known as "God's House," in Southampton, is being restored. It contains a monument to the memory of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Gray, who were executed by Henry V. in that town.

MRS. TIFOOT, wife of a marine-store dealer, at Bristol, whilst riding in a vehicle, dropped her infant from her arms. The child was killed, and the mother was then committed for trial for manslaughter. She was under the influence of drink.

IN EARLY TIMES, when all sorts of people found a refuge in Texas, the emigrants on their way used to sing this:

When every other land rejects us,
This is the soil that freely takes us.

"Takes us" after a while became "Texas."

AT A WOLVERHAMPTON COLLIERY a collier who was waiting to ascend was not quick enough to get into the cage, but seized hold of the bottom, and was drawn up, his whole weight hanging on his hands. At a distance of eighty yards from the bottom the unfortunate man dropped, and was smashed to pieces.

A COLLISION TOOK PLACE BETWEEN TWO TRAINS on the London and South-Western Railway, between the Wilton and Dinton stations, on Tuesday morning, whereby the passengers, about forty in number, received a very severe shock and were all more or less injured, though, fortunately, no lives were lost.



THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

The insurrection is still undecided; and although the patriotic bands have met with reverses in some parts of the country, it is certain that they have gained some superior advantages in others. For some time past it has been doubted in certain quarters whether the Russian Government had not determined to adopt an altogether different line of tactics, and to offer no very strong opposition to the insurgents

until they can concentrate enormous forces against them. It would appear at least that they have in a great manner abandoned the use of flying columns, and are now endeavouring to crush the separate bands of Poles in detail; but there is a complication of disorders in the whole body politic, and while the Russians are adding treachery to cruelty in Poland, they have serious difficulties to contend against in other quarters.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—A BAND OF VOLUNTEERS.

Private advices from Moscow announce that the fanatical Staroverzes (persons of the Greek faith who do not recognise the Czar as their spiritual chief) are instigating the peasants to rise against the employés. It was long positively denied that the peasants in Poland were hostile to the Russians, but authentic information has now been received that in several districts there are insurgent corps which consist exclusively of peasants. At Warsaw it is reported



PEASANTS LEAVING GRODNO TO JOIN THE INSURRECTIONARY ARMY.

that the Cossacks on the Don are becoming troublesome, inasmuch as they demand the restoration of their ancient privileges, one of which is the right to elect their own "Hetman" (commander, or "head man"). The insurrection continues to spread in Lithuania, and in Wilna there is hardly a family which has not one or more relatives in the "rebel bands." In Samogitia there are two new corps, one of which is under the command of a certain Kolysko,

who sadly "bothers" the Russians. He is here, there, and everywhere, and has repeatedly interrupted the postal communication between Riga, Wilna, and Kovno. Narbutt is still in the neighbourhood of Grodno, and he manages to keep a tolerably powerful corps under his command, although he has frequent skirmishes with his powerful adversaries. Our Engraving represents the departure of one of the peasant bands from Grodno to join his company. It is a

positive fact that the Russians were totally defeated at Peisern, near Kalisch, on the 28th of April. They lost 200 men and several guns.

A few days ago some insurgents got possession of a train in the

northern part of Poland, and carried off 700 rifles and a considerable

quantity of ammunition.

The news from Lithuania reports that 4000 Baskolniks (dissenters from the Greek faith) have been armed by the Russian Government in

the neighbourhood of Danaborg, and are devastating Livonia. On the 7th instant a fight took place between the Russians and the corps under Jeziorski, which resulted in the retreat of the former, while the insurgents maintained all their positions.

Jeziorski's is the most hopeful of all the detachments that have left Galicia since the days of Langiewicz and the camp at Goscza. It was seen marching along the banks of the San in regular military formation, and it started like one regiment from the neighbourhood of Jaroslaw, and entered the kingdom of Poland near Kizeszow (some eight or ten miles to the west of Tarnogrod) in the most open manner. It consists of about 800 men, but carrying arms for some 1200. The reports of the engagement state that the Russians were utterly defeated, and left eighty of their number dead on the field.

The insurgent chief, Osinski, after a successful encounter on the 5th inst. with the Russian troops, occupied Dombrowa; and on the 6th inst. a body of 500 Russians were repulsed by Miniewski, at Olkus, in the government of Radom.

The peasants of the district of Podlachia, in the government of Lublin, are paying to the revolutionary agents the ground rent for the support of the insurrection which their landlords have refused to pay.

The principal reverses of the insurgents have been the defeat of the corps of Taczanowski, near Binczecno, and the wounding of the General, on the 2d inst.; the disastrous engagement near Slawko, where six hundred were defeated and thirty-one taken prisoners, including fourteen Frenchmen and Italians; and the attack on Bonica's corps of eight hundred, with the capture of their chief, near Milizyce.

Later news have been also received of the defeat of Miniewski, with considerable loss, at Krzakawka; the death of General Mille, and the dispersion of the insurgents at Scyce and Wilkowinie, a portion of them having fought their way into the interior, while 141 others were conveyed to Cracow.

Some days ago an order was issued by the Revolutionary Committee that the inhabitants of the Praga suburb, numbering some 12,000 souls, were to remove to another portion of the town. Suspicion being hereby aroused, search was made, leading to the discovery in the evening of workmen occupied in forming a mine beneath the fort upon the right bank of the Vistula, opposite the citadel. The miners were arrested. They stated, upon interrogation, that upon the 13th of the month it was intended to blow up the fort, containing a garrison of eight hundred men and large stores of powder. The bridge carrying the railway across the river is to be built up to this fort, and will be commenced in the course of the year. Many reports were in circulation in Warsaw as to what was intended to happen upon the 13th, the day when the amnesty expires; but no one knew for certain whence the dreaded blow would be delivered.

The Department of Justice has declined to co-operate with the Government in carrying out the confiscation decree in Poland, as no law authorising such a measure is in existence. Affairs have already reached such a pitch that the Government authorities in the capital will soon have nothing more to do. It is of little use for the heads of departments to issue orders; they seldom or never receive any replies. Either the provincial officials are absent from their posts, from fear or other causes, or they in their turn are unable to obtain obedience to their directions from their subordinates. In a word, the confusion is enormous. Upon the other hand, the decrees of the Revolutionary Committee meet with the strictest and most punctual obedience; if not, death, without trial or hearing, is the punishment of the offender.

Fresh stories of atrocities committed by the Russian troops arrive here from time to time. These acts are exasperating the country people, and in many places have driven them to take up arms against the Government, though in some others they have inspired a feeling of terror and utter helplessness. A belief seems to be gaining ground that after the 13th—the last day for the acceptance of the amnesty—the Muscovite hordes will be let loose to do their worst, and that the horrors perpetrated at Tomaszow and Bialazew will be repeated in all the towns and villages of Poland. Not, however, that this idea has the least effect in damping the ardour of the insurgents. On the contrary, every exertion is being made to get as many men as possible in the field during the next fortnight, and there are plenty of indications to show that the insurrection, much as it has increased during the last month, is, nevertheless, far from having yet attained its maximum of force.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

Mr. Black, a few nights ago, presented a petition to Parliament from Edinburgh against the opening of the Botanic Gardens on Sunday. It was signed by 36,103 adult male citizens. Now, the population of Edinburgh, by the last Census, is 160,302. To ascertain, roughly, the number of males, we may divide this number by 2. We have then 80,151. Divide this, again, by 2, and we have an approximate estimate of the number of males of age—namely, 40,075, dropping the fraction. The word adult, however, is elastic, and may be made to comprehend all people above fourteen or fifteen. Still, however we stretch the word, it is clear that the vast majority of the citizens of Edinburgh are against the opening of these gardens. And this is a strange fact—an unparalleled fact, I believe. I do not believe that there is another town in Christendom in which a majority of the inhabitants are such fanatics as to think that walking in a garden on a Sunday is a breach of a Divine law. I suspect, however, that some of these straitlaced gentlemen strain at a gnat and swallow a camel—e.g., take this anecdote:—“Tom,” said a clergyman to his nephew, as the two sat one Sunday afternoon over their wine, “Look at those wretched Sabbath-breakers wandering about yonder fields. I wish we could do something to stop this desecration of the Lord's day. By-the-by, Tom, the port wine stops at you!” The way in which this question comes before Parliament is this—the House votes an annual subsidy. Last year Mr. Lowe, in plain terms, threatened to propose the withdrawal of the grant unless the gardens were opened on Sunday, and hence all this excitement.

Sir Charles Wood is now confessing, not in words but in deeds, that Mr. Laing was right, and he, Sir Charles Wood, was wrong, in their dispute upon the question whether there was a surplus in the Indian Exchequer. Laing asserted that there was a surplus, Wood asserted that there was none. The Secretary of State for India is, however, now drawing at the rate of six millions a year upon the surplus which he asserted did not exist; perhaps, however, he is only experimenting. He may possibly, as he has not already touched the surplus, still doubt its existence, and draw at a venture to test its existence, as if a man should say “I don't believe that I have a balance at my banker's, but I will draw a cheque to see.”

The remarks in this column last week about Sir Richard Bromley's salary were premature. It is not yet settled what salary he is to have. It is, however, pretty well known that he is sent to Greenwich not as commissioners have been heretofore—to waste his time in inglorious ease, but to overhaul and reform the affairs of the hospital; and it was the knowledge of this fact that led the *Times* to open its batteries. The people will of course say, when they hear that Greenwich Hospital is to be reformed, “Behold the power of the *Times*!” But, gentle reader, the reform was a foregone conclusion before the *Times*' articles appeared. The articles were a consequence, not a cause. Greenwich Hospital is in the department of Mr. Stanfield; he will have, therefore, in alliance with Sir Richard, to flesh his maiden sword upon the dragons and giants which have so long ravaged this fair domain. May he prove another St. George.

Under the taking title of “Popery at Court,” the *Morning Advertiser* publishes a letter conveying to its intensely anti-papistical readers the alarming intelligence that the Hon. Mrs. Stonor (daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel), who occupies the post of chief lady in waiting on the Princess of Wales, is “a pervert to the errors of the Church of Rome.” As matter of course, the *Advertiser* sees in this circumstance great danger ahead to the Protestant institutions of the country.

A section of the inhabitants of the ward of Farringdon Without, with Benson, of the great clock, and Samuel, of the seventeen-and-a-halfpenny Sydenhams, at its head, is up in arms with reference to the railway-bridge which it is proposed to throw across Ludgate-hill. The opposition appears to be based entirely on the question of taste

which is rather rich, coming as it does from the enterprising tradesman whose pictorial advertisement, in the shape of a pair of legs clothed in tightly-fitting trousers, has been a hideous eyesore alike to riders in omnibuses and pedestrians for some years past. It is argued that a colossal archway placed in such a position as the proposed viaduct must necessarily be objectionable, and chiefly so because it will interfere with the view of the “grandest Protestant temple in the world.” But if anybody will take the trouble to stand on the pavement on the north side of Ludgate-hill (from the south side not a glimpse of St. Paul's can be obtained) he can satisfy himself that only at the most favourable point is a very small portion of the west façade visible, and that an ornamental archway of noble proportions, which will screen a trifle more of the façade of the cathedral than the surrounding buildings do at present—it cannot possibly shut out the grand view of the towers and the dome—need not necessarily be an architectural eyesore. The façade of the Tuilleries is partially screened by a detached triumphal arch; so is the Palais des Beaux Arts; so is Blenheim, and a hundred other architectural works of renown; and so, if we recollect rightly, is St. Peter's itself. If the railway company throw across the street a hideous tube of iron—the face of which Samuel Brothers would, no doubt, be only too happy to rent for advertising purposes—it would, of course, disfigure Ludgate-hill just the same as it would any other thoroughfare, but if an elegant structure of large span (which the company itself proposes) be erected, I think the public convenience may well be set against the esthetical notions which Benson and Samuel Brothers seem to have become somewhat suddenly seized with.

I find it is not a fact, as stated by me last week, that the *Reader* has been purchased by the proprietors of the *Family Herald*, so that there is no fear of the writers for the former periodical trenching on those peculiar duties which, in the interest of the fair sex, the editors of the latter work so amusingly and so worthily fulfil.

Talking this week with a Virginian gentleman aent matters theatrical, I found that he habitually used the Boucicaultism, “auditorium.” It is, I learn, a common American colloquism; so that for once in his life the great Dion has been accused of affectation unjustly. Not long from Yankeeland when he wrote his memorable advertisement in the *Times*, he employed in all innocence a word unused here, save by pedantic Latinists, and has doubtless been not a little astonished at the derision elicited.

The season has cried “Havoc,” and the dogs of war have this week been let loose upon the “entertainers.” Mr. Drayton has gone with his Federals and Confederates into the suburbs; Mr. Arthur Sketchley closes this day (Saturday); and Mr. Yates, losing his companion, Mr. Power, who has received a colonial appointment, knowing it impossible to go on by himself, and feeling disinclined to seek for another *collaborateur*, even if an efficient one were to be found, shuts up his pretty conservatory and retires into private life. This season has been a woeful one hitherto for all those who, in cant phrase, “cater for the public.” The fashionable librarians are weekly losing fabulous sums by the operas; boxes are to be had for asking for, and stall-tickets are just now more plentiful than gooseberries. The theatres—the Lyceum excepted—are blank deserts of misery; but, then, the managers deserve it. “Still Waters,” “Janet Pride,” “Green Bushes,” and the Keans in their various characters, cannot be considered as attractive novelties. And, then, the splendid weather has been dead against all theatrical entertainments. The park is crowded till half-past seven; the fashionable dinner-hour has this season been further postponed for half an hour, and is now half-past eight; and who cares to leave a pleasant dinner-table for a close, stuffy, gas-reeking theatre? Lady Gifford's forthcoming play is the only novelty of interest, and of it green-room report speaks highly, which is generally a bad sign.

Medio de fonte leporum, &c. Even picture-dealers do not lead an entirely happy life, though they always have such enormous sums of money ready to invest, as the recent sale of the Bicknell Collection proved. The *amari aliquid* of the great print-publishers is the bad state of the law of artistic copyright, and the excellent state of the art of photography. One of the aggrieved class, Mr. Gambart, the well-known proprietor of the French Gallery and the purchaser of some notable works of modern art, has burst into print in a pamphlet on the subject of piracy of artistic copyright, and states his case in a very earnest and dignified manner. Indeed, even to a person utterly uninterested in the subject, the pamphlet cannot fail to prove amusing reading, filled as it is with detail of the manner in which the pirates, lithographic or photographic, of engravings are carried on. Mr. Gambart writes in capital English, and not without humour, as will be seen from the following extract, in which he speaks of the purchasers of photographic reproductions:—

When I see such pirates in albums lying on the tables of houses I visit, the blushing which mantles to their owners' faces upon my look being turned that way betrays at once how sensible they are of wrong-doing. Such persons are gentlemen in other cases; they are even incapable of appropriating an umbrella, should I forget one, in their halls. They mentally excuse themselves for the evil they have done in collecting pirates instead of original engravings with the plea that the offence is common. Towards such offenders the law ought not to have the least tenderness; neither ignorance nor poverty can plead for them. Blessed with fortune and love of art, it ought to be their pleasure, as it is their duty, to encourage the votaries of art, yet they employ those gifts to aid in its destruction.

I believe that Mr. Gambart's actions at law for the protection of his copyrights have already cost him some seventeen hundred pounds.

By some strange oversight, Monday next has been fixed upon for two charitable benefits—one on behalf of Mrs. Selby at the Princess's, the other in aid of the family of the late Mr. James Rogers. Both are well worthy of public patronage; but I believe I am right in stating that Mr. Selby's dramatic copyrights, &c., are a certain source of income to his widow, while Mr. Rogers's family are absolutely destitute.

Mr. Henry Neville takes his first benefit in London this day week (the 23d inst.) at the Royal Olympic Theatre, where for some time past he has sustained the leading business in high comedy.

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Her Majesty left Osborne for Windsor on Thursday, and yesterday took her departure for Balmoral, accompanied by Prince Alfred and Prince Leopold, and Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice.—Prince Alfred passed his examination as a Lieutenant in the Navy on Monday at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth Dockyard.—The Prince and Princess of Wales have consented to act as patrons to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and in doing so express their warm approval of the objects the society has in view. It is the intention of their Royal Highnesses to honour Eton with their presence on the 5th of June. The annual ceremonies, therefore, which usually take place on the 4th will on this occasion be put off to Friday, the 5th of June. The Prince of Wales has fixed the 8th of June as the day on which he will attend the grand ball at Guildhall, on which occasion it is intended to present his Royal Highness with the freedom of the City. His Royal Highness has also signified his intention to honour the Master and Wardens of the Merchant Taylors' Company with his presence at dinner in their hall, on Thursday, the 11th of June next, upon the occasion of his Royal Highness being enrolled an honorary member of that ancient corporation.—The brigade of Guards are making arrangements to give a ball in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have intimated their intention of gracing it with their presence. It is expected to take place towards the end of June.—Their Royal Highnesses intend honouring the International Dog Show, about to be opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, with their presence on the opening day.—The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, Captain Prince Leiningen, has received orders to be ready for sea on or about the 20th inst. Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse will, it is stated, embark on board the above yacht for the Continent.

MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.—Upwards of one hundred of the principal municipal authorities of the United Kingdom have intimated to the Horticultural Society their intention of being present at the ceremony of uncovering the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851 on the 10th of June, in presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The list of those who have accepted the invitation includes the Lord Mayors of Dublin and York, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh; the Mayors of Belfast, Blackburn, Bolton, Brighton, Bristol, Bradford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Canterbury, Carlisle, Coventry, Devizes, Dorchester, Dover, Gloucester, Great Grimsby, Guernsey, Guildford, Hastings, Hertford, Hull, Ipswich, Kidderminster, Lincoln, Liverpool, Maidstone, Manchester, Marple, Newport (Isle of Wight), Newcastle, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Stafford, Sunderland, Swansea, Winchester, Wolverhampton, Worcester, the High Bailiff of Cheltenham, Chief Constable of Huddersfield, &c.

AMONG A NUMBER OF COINS just found at Bishop's Waltham, in Hants, is one of Burgred, King of Mercia, one of the Kings of the Heptarchy.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

LEAVING the academicians out of calculation, the contemporary school of English past historical painters can boast two great masters—men who have studied their art with a deep and solemn earnestness—who bear in mind that the grace and delicacy of Raphael, the brilliance of Titian, the facility of Rubens, are as nothing without the learning of Michael Angelo; who have attained excellence by slow degrees, by patient application to the grammar of their art, by religious contemplation of its abstract principles; who regard with unutterable disdain the trickeries of handling, the juggler's feats of simulation for simulation's sake alone, and the despicable legerdemain of “sensation” effects; who would as soon think of dancing on the tightrope or of swallowing swords as of earning eight hundred guineas by daubing a waxen doll seemingly illumined by the coloured fires of the playhouse. These men are genuine artists. They have *la grande maniere*. Abroad they could aspire to professorships in the Institute—to grand crosses of the Legion of Honour. At home they are condescendingly admired, patted on the back, gently patronised; but picture-dealers look askance upon them, and the engraver's *burin* is seldom called into requisition to reproduce their works. They cannot bring themselves to huddle the contents of an old curiosity shop into a space no bigger than a cheese plate. They decline to depict the departure of a newly-wedded couple per Great Western Railway, or the ecstasies of Materfamilias over her progeny in the act of having their hair cut or taking ipecacuanha. They scorn to pander to a taste, or want of taste, in art, as morbid, as diseased, and as depraved as that which in letters demands bigamy in three volumes, seduction in *ottava rima*, or arson and slow poisoning in weekly numbers extending over a period of nine months. In a word, their pictures are not marketable in the vulgar sense of the term. Their commissions must come from the State, or from the select few who are able to appreciate high art, and wealthy enough to give it adequate remuneration. The name of one of these men is Edward Armitage—of the other, Frederick Leighton.

We do not assume as a postulate that a big picture, with the pigments roughly laid on and the figures all the size of life, is necessarily a great one; or that if an artist chooses to crowd together a confused assemblage of half-naked life-guardians with muscles in violent relief, or brawny beggars who have let their beards grow and are wrapped in white sheets, and to call the whole the “Burial of Harold,” or the “Conspiracy of Catiline,” or “The Death of Caesar;” the performance is, *a fortiori*, an historical picture. The unhappy Haydon laboured under the delusion that bigness meant sublimity and violence vigour, and so fell into misery and despair. The disastrous productions of the Messrs. Foggo are examples more recent of labour thrown away, of worthlessness magnified to monstrous proportions, of pictures which should never have been painted by honest but mistaken men who, with greater fitness, should have adopted some other vocation. But the real master, when he is found valourously struggling against the petty meannesses of conventionality, when he refuses to prostitute his pencil to record the apotheoses of a traviata, or the triumphs of an upholsterer, or the *fasti* of a milliner's shop—when, through good and evil report, he upholds the dignity of his art, and refuses to derogate by one jot from what he conceives to be the true scope and purpose of his calling—is a man to whom society is bound to lift the cap and to bow the knee. The reward of such a man is not immediate, and it is often inadequate; but fame comes at last, and it is enduring.

The lines of Mr. F. Leighton have been cast, perhaps, in pleasanter places than those of Mr. Armitage. The greatest of his earlier works was purchased by her Majesty. Mr. Ruskin happened to be in spasms of delight about “Giotto” when Mr. Leighton painted “Giotto's Triumph,” and it became a kind of fashion to admire the young master, so full of the recondite learning, so apt in the quaint execution, of the early Italian school. But Mr. Leighton very soon left off painting women with yellow hair and *gigot* sleeves of yellow satin, and men with fuzzy red heads, inflated trunk hose, and cloaks reaching scarcely to their loins. He was not so wise in his generation as the Frenchman who, happening in some moment of aberration of the public mind to achieve a great success with a picture of a rock surrounded by a man's hat and a Neufchâtel cheese, went on painting rocks, hats, and cheeses, and nothing else as long as the mania lasted, and till he had made a hundred thousand francs. Mr. Leighton felt himself fit for something better than to decorate the padded room of an artistic Bedlam. He speedily flung away the pomp and vanities of pre-Raphaelitism, or looked upon his more elaborate works in that manner as mere tasks and preparations and experiments, fitter for his studio than the exhibition room. He came forth in his proper light and in his proper strength as a painter who had studied in many schools; who had a share in the excellencies of all, but who copied the eccentricities, and caricatured the defects of none, and who bid fairer year after year to found a school of his own. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the respective styles of Mr. Armitage and Mr. Leighton. The first may stand close to Poussin among the ancients, to Delaroche among the moderns; the second may rank with the illustrious masters of the old Italian school—Buonarroti and Sanzio d'Urbino alone excepted, for they were rather angels than men—and with Ary Scheffer and Cornelius among contemporaries; but both have started from the same point—both have pursued their way with a pious, courageous fervour and singlemindedness—both carry the banner of “Excelsior” instead of flaunting the pugilist's “colours” or cracking the ridingmaster's whip; both have left that already on record, and will leave more as years go by, “which posterity will not willingly let die.”

By Mr. F. Leighton there are four works in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. Incomparably the finest of them is “Jezabel and Ahab,” having caused Naboth to be put to death, go down to take possession of his vineyard; they are met at the entrance by Elijah the Tishbite” (382). Almost every good quality of the master is to be found in this canvas—vigour and precision of drawing, nobleness of attitude, power of combination and contrast, solidity and firmness of handling. One exception—and that nearly approaches hyper-criticism—may be taken to the figure of Jezabel. She looks guilty, but not brazen; disdainful, but not meretricious. Mr. Leighton has had a Clytemnestra or a Trédégonde in his mind rather than gaudily-attired, wanton woman, who “painted her face” and who would have revelled in the amplets of crinolines had crinolines been then in fashion.

“A Girl with a Basket of Fruit” (406) is a masterly yet delicate half-length, in profile, chaste in outline without being severe, and remarkably pure and sweet in colour. The subject is not essentially striking, and the scale of execution is too large to gain favour for such work as a cabinet picture; but we are reminded, in looking at it, that the old masters were not always painting “subjects.” They were employed to a great extent in the subsidiary as well as the more salient decoration of churches, palaces, and convents. Raphael did not think it beneath him to superintend the arabesques of the *loggias* and *stanzas* of the Vatican, and, in his leisure moments, to make designs for tapestry and apothecaries' pots. “The Girl with a Basket of Fruit” would be best perpetuated in fresco in the spandril of an arch.

“A Girl Feeding Peacocks” (429) is a magnificent study of colour, in which the most prodigal display of gorgeous hues is devoid of the slightest sensuality or garishness. It might be the work of a Rubens who had become naturalised at Venice and had striven to forget that he ever lived in Antwerp. “An Italian Crossbowman” (528) is a noble sketch—a page out of Guicciardini—but nothing more.

It would be cruel and unjust to deny to Mr. Phillip's picture of “The House of Commons” (67) the merit of great industry, great vigour, and great facility of appreciation. But the subject is an ungrateful one, and to represent it in perfection is an impossibility. When the Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner is to have his portrait presented to him by a grateful Corporation, the committee of taste who instruct the painter covenant that his municipal robes are to be painted to the last inch of cloth, and the last pellicle of fur. His Worship's gold chain is not to be forgotten; nay, nor the mace, nor a copy of the address he presented to the late Duke of Gloucester, nor the bill for the construction of a branch railway from Hole-cum-Corner to Smokely-on-Sewer, the enactment of which was mainly due to his

Worship's evidence before a Parliamentary Committee; nor the snuff-box of gold and platinum voted to him after his successful opposition to governmental interference with the Hole-cum-Corner chancery. If his Worship's uniform, as a Major of volunteers, can be shown peeping from beneath his corporate gown; if the Aldermen and Town Council can be introduced in the background, and the extreme distance filled up with a view of the Mayor's soap-boiling works, so much the better. Very much the same rule holds good with a picture of the House of Commons. The public expect to see the Speaker in his wig and gown, and the clerks at the table in *their* wigs and gowns; the mace, the red on the table; the Treasury, the Opposition, and the cross-benches, with their usual occupants; the mysterious 'gangway,' and the members who 'sit below it'; the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Strangers' Gallery, the Ladies' Gallery, and the Reporters' Gallery. In fact, they demand to be inducted into the whole Inner Life of the House of Commons. It is difficult to avoid disappointment in the result. Mr. Philip has done all he could. Lord Palmerston looks bluff and 'vivacious.' Mr. Disraeli atrabilious and saturnine; poor Sir G. Cornwall Lewis patient and acute; Mr. Gladstone supercilious; Lord Russell—now called to 'higher functions'—sleepy; Mr. Henley the true model of a fine old English gentleman; and the Speaker calm and dignified; but all these, in their entirety, form only so many *cartes de visite* grouped together, and are not at all like the House of Commons. The very semblance, too, suffers from the manner in which Lord Charles Russell, in his court-suit as Sergeant-at-Arms, has been dragged in, by the head and shoulders as it were, to sit for his portrait. If Mr. Philip has in this performance verged on failture, he need not be ashamed of his want of success. William Hogarth tried to paint the House of Commons, with Sir Robert Walpole and Speaker Onslow, but he failed. One English artist only has triumphed in the representation of a legislative assembly. In the "Death of Lord Chatham" John Singleton Copley made the Peers picturesque, the agonies of the gout sublime, and paralysis poetical; but he trusted more to his imagination than to facts for the episode he so marvellously drew. Lord Chatham was taken very ill in the House of Lords, but he did not die there.

"Desdemona's Intercession for Casio" (73), H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., is a very bad picture. It may be pleaded in extenuation that the work is "well meant;" but good intentions go for very little. An M.P. who had once given offence to the illustrious politician mentioned in the preceding paragraph stated apologetically that he "meant nothing." "If the honourable gentleman means nothing," thundered the great Commoner, "he should say nothing." Making every allowance for Mr. H. W. Pickersgill's blamlessness of design, we think he had much better have left Desdemona and the Moor alone. The latter looks simply like one of the Lord Mayor's men in armour, with his face stained with Spanish liqueur, and Desdemona is very namby-pamby and ill-drawn. There are dishonest grave-diggers who sell to students of anatomy skulls destitute of a lower jaw. Mr. Pickersgill has, apparently, selected as a model for his Desdemona a young lady who was born without a lower jaw at all.

"Ferdinand and Miranda" (37), by F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A., the younger, belongs to the class which Sir Joshua Reynolds was wont to characterise as "Pretty, pretty, pretty!" It will not do any harm; but its absence of noxiousness is but a negative proof of its being worth anything. It is an illustration of Shakespeare; but of Doctor Bowdler's "family" edition—all naughtiness and all nervousness carefully expurgated. It is a pity that the vogue of fashionable annals exists no longer. A very pretty steel engraving might be made from Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's "Ferdinand and Miranda."

"A Music Lesson" (46), C. W. Cope, R.A., is beautifully drawn, beautifully painted, and wholly unworthy Mr. Cope's high standing in art. We like the little boy in knickerbockers for whom the music-stool has been found too low, and who has supplemented his sedilia by a big book. We like the pretty schoolgirl sister in white and blue who is teaching her little brother and endeavouring to give play to his timidly-crисped fingers so that he may strike a chord. Nothing can be more skilful than the execution of the keys of the instrument, and the play of light on the carved work and the polished rosewood; but the theme is of the most puerile, and the picture can only be looked upon as an example of commonplacery *in excelsis*.

A "domestic piece" of a very different kind, is Mr. John Calcott Horsley's "My Lady and her Children" (414). Mr. Horsley places us at once in the midst of a household in the reign of Charles I. The glimpse of old English life in a baronial hall—such as Nash or Cattermole would architecturally revel in—is delightful. "My Lady" is one of the most fascinatingly decorous of English matrons. She might be Lady Rachel Russell's mother, or Lady Fairfax in her first youth. Such a bevy of little rogues in black velvet, and point lace, and blue ribbons, and rosettes, as she has clinging about her, too! The tiny fellow who has kicked off his shoes and is playing with the housekeeping keys at his mother's girdle is exquisite. Surely John Milton must have dandled him on his knee—could that stern, sour Republican ever have condescended to such gambols, as he muse on the design of "L'Allegro." Everything is in keeping; the tapestry, the morning meal laid out, the home-baked bread, the pewter plates and dishes, the doll with scarlet kirtle and high-crowned hat, the quaint presentation, apparently of Mother Shipton, which one of the boys with a rude taste for art has daubed in a book—we hope not his copybook. There is a girl, too, among her children; but little Miss keeps demurely in the background. This is a picture which must make poor men who love true art miserable because they cannot buy it; and yet their sorrow may be assuaged by a feeling of gratitude towards the kindly, simple-minded English gentleman who alone could paint a scene so dignified in its unornateness, so cheerful, so tender, and so true. Thank you, Mr. John Calcott Horsley.

There used to be a painter called Prentis, the engravings from whose works were amazingly popular in the "serious world." "Reading the Scriptures," "Evening Prayers," "Morning Hymns," "Children saying their Prayers," "Going to Church," "Coming from Chapel," "Preparing for Sunday School," "Tea and the Catechism;" the formed the mild gamut of a pleasing and harmless, but somewhat namby-pamby, painter. Mr. A. Rankley is an artist as tender and pious as Mr. Prentis was; but he has about a hundred times more proficiency in his craft, and more energy and vitality. "A Sower went forth to Sow" (504) is a beautiful picture. A comely young matron has paid a visit to a gipsy encampment, and is reading the Bible to a group of Bohemians, young, old, and middle-aged. The brown varlets listen with much apparent edification to the good lecture; but it is to be hoped that a solicitude for the "affairs of Egypt" may not speedily lead them to insist upon telling the lady's fortune, or to pick her pocket. Between the real and the ideal, in art as in everything else, there is a lamentable discrepancy; and we are afraid that missionary enterprise among the gipsies can boast of no great triumphs. The intention on the part of the missionary is none the less praiseworthy; and the painter is to be commended for shadowing forth even the remote possibility of a desired result. A similar and exemplary spirit actuated Mr. Herbert, the Academician, last year, when, in his picture of "Laborare est Orare," he showed us the boys of the Mount St. Bernard Reformatory, in Leicestershire, tranquilly reaping the golden corn under the guidance of the good monks. Alas, for the humanising influence of pastoral employments! Only last Monday, in Parliament, attention was drawn to the fact that the Mount St. Bernard Reformatory was the worst managed in the United Kingdom, and that the blackguard boy confined there had recently broken out in rebellion against the monks, and attempted to murder, with their fractured bedsteads, the county police who were called in to quell the disturbance.

THE LATE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The report of the Royal Commissioners on the late exhibition is now completed, and will, we believe, be made public in the course of a few days. The balance-sheet appended to this document will show no deficit, but, on the contrary, a small surplus; so that the guarantors will not be called upon for a single shilling. This very satisfactory state of affairs, however, is entirely due to the liberality of the contractors for the building, who, besides waiving many of their claims, made good what was a deficit of £15,000 by handing over that amount to the Royal Commissioners, thus enabling them to present their report, and wind up their affairs with a balance of some few hundreds still in hand.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 532.)

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IV.

Strensal was an old Esopian, and by the time the hansom got to the Euston-square station he and Lord Beltane were on confidential terms. The schoolboy was in high spirits at getting away. "It's so awfully slow, you know, up in town, at this time of year, when everybody is down in the country. A week or two in London at the beginning of the mid-summer holidays is all right, for then there are jolly breakfast parties at villas down at Wimbleton and Twickenham, and dancing under the trees, and strawberries and cream in the arbours, and all sorts of fun. I say, you wouldn't like to be a Cabinet Minister, would you?"

"Why not, if I was fit for it?"

"Why not? Why look at poor old uncle Girandole. It's all school and no holidays for him. All day long, and all night long too, I believe, he sits at his desk, and either he's reading letters or writing letters, or telling uncle Percival what to write; or seeing dry old parties about business; or, when it is Parliament time, going down to that horrid, dull place, where they talk such prosy talk. I tell you, when I am a man I won't go there much—it's far too like school—though you know I'm an English Baron, and only an Irish Earl. And uncle Bexteymont took me down to see it, and told me when I was a man I should have a seat in it. It's an awfully jolly place to look at, all the same—all over carving and gilding—if the talk wasn't so awfully stupid. What do you want to be a member of Parliament for?"

"How do you know I want to be a member of Parliament?"

"Aunt Girandole told me after you were gone. Uncle Dunham is a member of Parliament; and when there was an election in Kiltanyre County, there was no end of a row, and all the people went about with black eyes and their heads tied up for weeks after. I wonder what makes fellows so fond of politics when they are grown up?"

"The same thing that makes boys fond of cricket, and fives, and hockey, and football, before they are grown up. Politics are a good game when you have learnt how to play at them. Have you ever tried to play at tennis?"

"Yes, once; but I couldn't make anything of it. The balls were too big and the rackets too heavy, and I couldn't tell a bit where the balls were coming to, they so rattled about the sloping roofs and walls, and bounded and twisted in all directions but what I expected, and the floor was so slippery that when I ran to get at the ball I tumbled flat on my back, as if it had been ice."

"And yet it looks like a good game when you see good hands playing it."

"Oh, yes, it looks a jolly game enough, and I mean to learn when I am strong enough to hold such a heavy racket; but it's awfully difficult to understand how they count, and they couldn't make me understand what a chase is."

"Well, politics are something like tennis; only you can see tennis with your eye, and you can only perceive politics with your brains. If you were to take a blind man into a tennis-court, and he heard a twanging of catgut, and a thumping of balls on the penthouse, and the marker crying 'Fifteen, love!' 'Fifteen all!' 'Chase one and two!' 'Thirty, fifteen!' 'Last gallery—change sides!' 'Lost it!' 'Thirty all!' 'Won it!' 'Forty, thirty!' 'Deuce—advantage!' 'Deuce—advantage!' 'Game and —' He would very soon begin to think it very poor fun."

"Like me in the House of Lords, with no more brains for politics than the blind man has eyes for tennis," said Beltane, blushing a little at the parallel he had accepted in his own behalf; "but I suppose, at my age, there is nothing to be very much ashamed of in that, for Uncle Girandole did not seem to think you had got all yours quite yet."

It was Strensal's turn to blush a little now. "You ought not to tell me anything you heard him say about me."

"Oh! I say, don't be in a way; he said nothing bad of you. He only told Aunt Girandole —"

"Well, don't tell me. I'll take your word for it, it was nothing bad. I daresay my politics appear to him very much like your tennis to me. He thinks I shall find the balls too big, and the rackets too heavy, and the floor of the house too slippery. But, like you, I mean to learn the game in due time; and, perhaps, by the time you have made out what a chase is, I may be getting some idea of the meaning of a 'liberal policy.'"

"All right; don't let's talk any more politics. What do you say to a smoke?" said the miniature Earl, pulling out a highly-ornate silver case, which held about a dozen delicate, little Guatemala straw cigarettes. "Try one of these; they are rather mild. I generally smoke Turkish, but I got some of these for a change. Do you know there's a fellow called Hubbles Major at my tutor's, and his father's a swell of some sort in India; and it was such a lark last half; Hubbles Major brought down a great silver-mounted m-chine, something like a decanter, with a snake-tube about four yards long, and he used to set the machine outside the window, with a great pastille to keep it alight, and we used to pull away at the amber mouthpiece one after another, till we were all out of breath. None of us were able to get much smoke out of it though, except Hubbles Major. And one night my tutor nailed us all, and we, every one of us, got swished. Do you suppose it would be good fun to be Governor-General of India?"

"What makes you think of that? Hubbles Major's hookah?"

"You heard what uncle Girandole said at luncheon; and I have lately been reading 'The Arabian Nights,' which is a first-rate book, in three big volumes, with the jolliest pictures. You've read it, I suppose? Well, if it would be at all like being Haroun Alraschid, I shouldn't mind going in to be Governor-General if I could have a jolly old Vizier like Jaafir to go about and have jolly larks with in disguise at night, nailing all the wicked oppressors and rewarding the virtuous with bags of sequins, and making love to Princesses with eyes like the gazelle's in groves of palm-trees by perfumed fountains sparkling in the moonlight; or skimming down the Euphrates in a gilded boat with silken sails, and shooting in under the jasmin-boughs where the creeks and inlets wind among the gardens and bowers of the riverside palaces, where ever I saw gleaming clusters of red and green lanterns, and heard the music of the rebab and the tom-tom, and the voice of the minstrel, and the clapping of hands, and laughter. That would be an awfully jolly life, wouldn't it?"

"I am afraid you wouldn't see much of that sort of life as Governor-General. I fear you would find it much more like Lord Girandole's everlasting desk and papers, and dry old parties coming to talk about business, with the addition of a smothering hot climate that would bake all the good out of you in four or five years; after which you might come home invalided with a few lacs of rupees, and die of liver complaint at your leisure."

"You old fellows always talk as if there was no romance in life. Have you never had any adventures?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. Life is made of solid prose, and prose is made of business. If you stick to business and do your duty, you get your fair share of amusement out of it sooner or later. But all the fellows I have known or heard of going out of their way to look for adventures have come to grief instead of pleasure."

"Well, you know, I sometimes think it will be best to marry early and improve my estates. Uncle Bexteymont, who is my guardian, says they want draining most awfully; but nothing can be done till I come of age."

Strensal had to make a struggle to preserve his gravity at this unexpectedly serious turn in the young Earl's plans, but he managed to say solemnly,

"Draining is a very important branch of business, and it cannot be considered dry work."

"You won't laugh at me if I tell you who I mean to marry?"

"No! not unless she is old enough to be married now. She ought to be five years younger than you are. If she is five years older, perhaps I may not be able to help laughing."

"I know my rules of simple addition and subtraction better than that. Take eight from twenty-one, and that is my age now; add eight to ten, and that will be her age when I am twenty-one. It is a great secret, and I haven't told any fellow at my tutor's, because I don't think boys are to be trusted; but I shouldn't mind telling you, because I like you, and because I think you are a man of honour, and because you talk to me like a reasonable being, instead of sneering and jeering at me like Sydney Whitmarch, whom I hate with all my soul."

"I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, but how do you know I am a man of honour?"

"Why, because you stopped me when I was going to tell you what Uncle Girandole said of you. And I should like to have a friend that is a grown-up man; and, if ever I fight a duel with Sydney Whitmarch, which I mean to do as soon as I am big enough, you will be my second, won't you?"

"You seem to make your engagements a long while beforehand. What has Whitmarch done to you that you should harbour such unchristian intentions towards him?"

"Oh, he is as treacherous a villain as ever lived. At first he made friends with me, and got me to talk all I knew—and I was young and foolish then, and fell into the trap—and then he turned round and chaffed me most awfully, and made me look foolish before Helen. You know he's Helen's first cousin, though he's so much older. And he's the most insolent patronising beast. Sometimes he puts her on the head, condescendingly, and calls her 'his darling little fairy queen'; and, would you believe it, he has had the effrontery to kiss her before my very eyes. I tell you I felt as if I must kill him on the spot. And once, in her presence, he called me a pompous, consequential, coxcombical, young jackanapes. If he had been a sixth-form boy at school I shouldn't have cared a farthing. But it wasn't at school, and he was not a sixth-form boy; and do you think that sort of language ought to pass between Christian gentlemen? Though he is nine years older than me, and is my first cousin once removed, he has no business to treat me with less ceremony than any other private gentleman of his acquaintance; for I told him I desired to be on no terms of familiarity with him, and that was what he said in reply. I told him when I was a man I would make him repent his words."

"If I were you I would have as little as possible to do with rusty old grudges of that sort. I know Whitmarch is a bit of a tyrant, and when we were both fifth-form boys I had a mill with him in the playing-fields; above all a poor little chap called Merrington, whom he bullied more than I thought right."

"I hope he got a jolly good licking."

"Well, he certainly came off second best; but he fought a good fight, though it wasn't in a very good cause, and I got a black eye and a bloody nose or so; but he was so cut about that he had to put on an aigrette and couldn't show in school for near a week. Bully or not, he has plenty of pluck, and is a sharp fellow, and not altogether a bad fellow; but he has his faults, as we all of us have."

"He is as vain as a peacock, and as cruel and treacherous as a cat."

"Look here! What I was going to say to you, if you don't mind taking a bit of advice in good part, is this. It does not pay in the long run to hate anybody. I have no doubt Whitmarch has made himself very disagreeable to you; he has a great talent in that line when he tries; but nobody, whatever his talents may be, can make himself entirely intolerable to somebody else unless that somebody else more or less plays into his hand. For my part, whenever I find anybody intolerable to me, I begin to turn about in my mind how I have given him the opportunity of being so. A disagreeable customer is like a nipping blast, and if you lay yourself open he gives you a check of cold which flies to the weakest point in your moral man. Hatred is a disease very much like inflammation of the lungs or bowels. If we are subject to those sort of attacks, we put on extra clothing and manifie ourselves up from the east wind. And so when an inclement individual casts a blight on our good humour, instead of nursing our anger against him, we should treat him merely as a variety of social weather which warns us to overhaul our moral wardrobe, and perhaps to thicken the lining of our own behaviour with a little extra wadding. We learn our weaknesses from disagreeable people. Probably if your moral overcoat was a little better lined with circumspection and self-control—that is, if you were more reserved and less sensitive, Whitmarch would find it very poor fun tormenting you; and, in proportion as you grew indifferent to his chaff, you would respect yourself more and hate him less. There is something undignified in hating anybody; we ought to be ashamed to confess to ourselves that a human being is worth hating."

"Why not? If human beings are worth loving, why should they not be worth hating?"

"Hollo! my boy, there you go plump into a metaphysical question. If the powers of good and evil were in an exact balance in the universe, it might be as much worth while to hate as to love; but they are not. Love brings out the good side of people's characters; and, acted upon as the principle of our lives, it makes us happy. Hatred brings out the bad side, and everything we do for its sake is so much deducted from happiness. If you want any proof of the predominance of good over evil in the world, I know no better than that hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness are wretchedly uncomfortable things to everybody concerned in them; whereas love, friendship, good-fellowship, benevolence, and all charity are comfortable. Unless misery is as jolly as happiness, good has the upper hand of evil; and I end, as I began, by asserting that it doesn't pay in the long run to hate anybody."

"All right! Do you know, though, I begin to feel uncommonly peckish?"

"People usually do feel hungry after a long sermon; but I should have scarcely thought my homily would have obliterated the memory of the pigeon pie."

"Pigeon pie! Why, that was six hours ago. Hollo!"—he was already investigating the miscellaneous contents of a large, oblong tin canister that looked as if it had originally contained biscuits—"here's a bottle—sherry, I think; and here's a cold pheasant; and here's two French rolls, and a paper of salt; and what—what's this, it feels softish? More bread? No; by Jove, it's a seed cake! Well, now, that's rather an insult at my time of life! But I believe the old housekeeper thinks I'm in petticoats yet. Hollo! here's a cardboard drum that looks like French plums. No, it's grapes! Isn't that jolly? There are no knives and forks; but I've got a jolly big pocket-knife, with a corkscrew in the handle. I say, shall I cut off a leg or a wing? We must eat it in our fingers, like savages, and we'll set the salt-paper between us. What are we to drink out of, though? They've forgot to put in a glass!"

"I have a silver cup, like Benjamin, in the mouth of my travelling bag which we can pass round in a mediæval style that will suit a banquet without forks."

Lord Beltane kept up the conversation principally on his own resources, while his companion grew drowsy over his cigar, and finally fell asleep in the middle of some ill-telling passage of juvenile romance; and Lord Beltane, having made a few appropriate reflections on the unsentimental apathy of old fellows of two-and-twenty, shortly followed his example.

At Lancaster, the last express station before Bradbleak, both sleepers were startled by the guard, "My Lord Pemberwold's servant was waiting with a carriage for the Earl of Beltane," and the young nobleman's valet carried off his big dressing-case and umbrella, and travelling wraps and apparatus.

At Bradbleak Strensal found his claret-coloured omnibus with four grey horses, which conveyed him at a slacking pace over the twelve remaining miles of his journey, rumbling under the frowning portcullis arch, and landed him within the Gothic carriage hall of Thorskell Castle about midnight. Huge fires were burning in two ancient fireplaces with broad-arched chimneys, and the cheerful blaze flickered and glistened on the curasses and helmets of tall durny men-at-arms in their panoply, with grim old painted plaster faces, looking like a company of ghosts in "Hamlet." The reverberation of hoofs and the rumble of wheels under the groined arches no doubt sent a rumour of arrival echoing through the castle; for

almost before he had time to alight there came a rush of female drapery and an outcry of glad voices, and he was carried away in a warm whirlwind of greeting, to be smothered with kisses and perplexed with questions, and comforted with mulled wine and hot supper, and overwhelmed with the last particulars of local intelligence in a simultaneous hubbub of affectionate welcome.

CHAPTER V.

When Lady Ulrica was duly become Countess of Tintagel, and the happy pair had started for Capua in a carriage and four, accompanied by a four-gon laden with baggage, valet, courier, cook, lady's maid, and all that is indispensable for luxurious locomotion, Lady Julia was left as a superfluity under the quasi-maternal charge of Lady De Vergund.

The old lady, though greatly relieved at first to have fairly landed her daughter on the safe side of matrimony, had gone through so much worry of mind and body during the last fortnight that her health and temper showed serious signs of dilapidation, after the bustle and excitement were past and gone. She was of too energetic a composition to collapse without explosive demonstrations.

She scolded Lady Julia, reviled her son, and raved at her lady's maid. She took to her bed; declared her intention to die at short notice of rheumatic fever; and had an unsatisfactory interview with a Neapolitan physician, who signally failed to inspire her Ladyship with the smallest grain of confidence, though he talked a good deal about Hippocrates and Galen.

She prescribed for herself out of her own medicine-chest. Henbane and calomel were the favourite drugs she resorted to, and not without temporary success. She changed her mind about dying at Naples, and resolved to shift the venue of Nature's suit for debt to London, where her defence could be conducted by that eminent practitioner Sir Hermes Annondine.

Her dutiful son declined to accompany her to England, whither she carried off Lady Julia by the first available steamer.

Before her departure, however, that aggrieved young lady had plenty of opportunities to bring the recreant Marquis to a full understanding of his obligations to her, and to let him feel the sharp point and trenchant edge of the weapon with which his folly and wickedness had armed her against him.

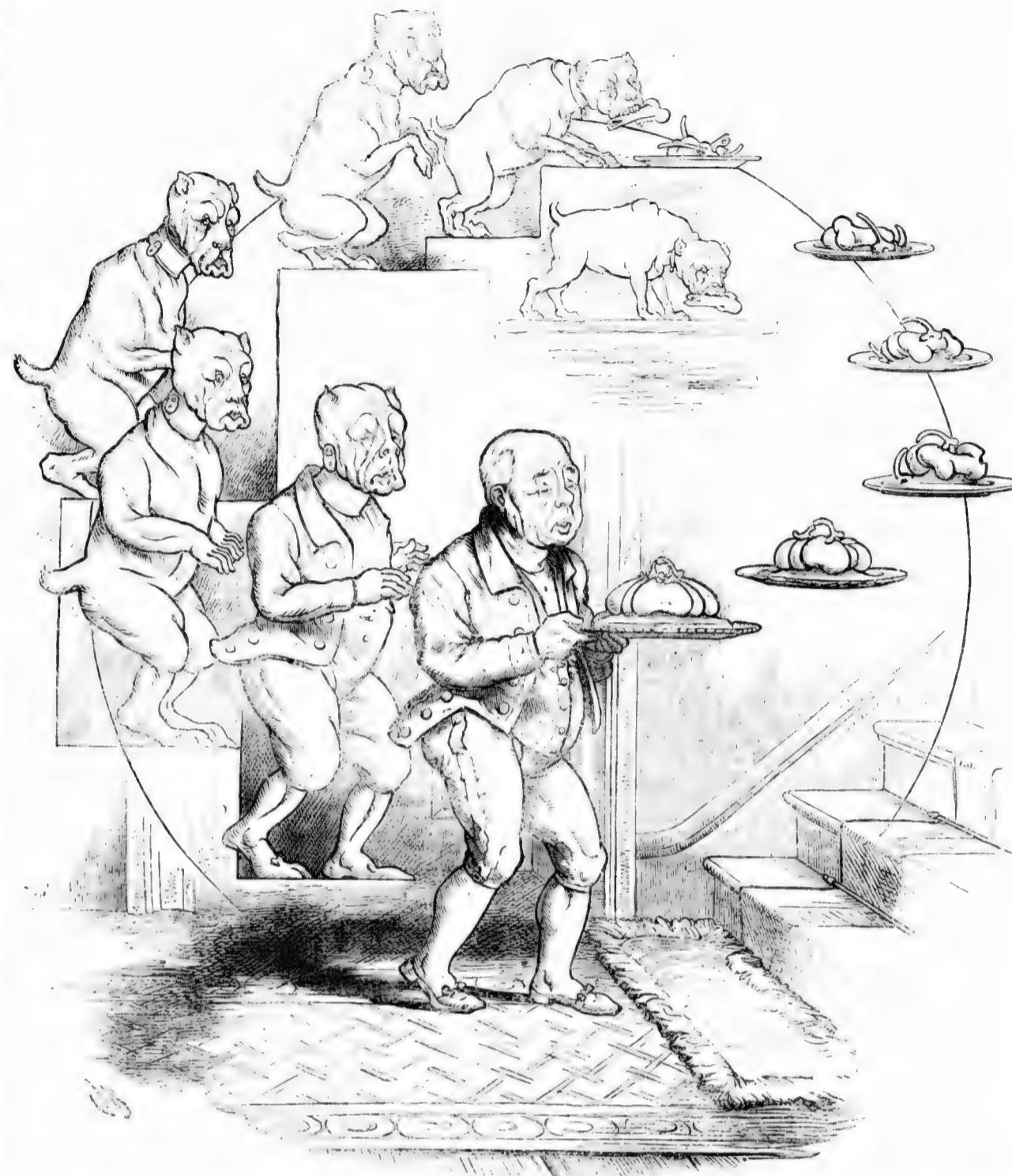
She had no scruples in making the most of her power. She extracted an offer of marriage from his fears, told him she would consider his offer at her leisure; and that, in the meantime, he must hold himself bound to her, not in love and honour—for those were bonds which had no hold upon such as he was—but bound to her in terror and hatred, which he had wilfully preferred as the link of union between them.

She told him that he had not only fished the virgin treasure of her first love, and tainted the fountain of her life with the poison of his false lips, but had returned in wanton cruelty, to cast his upas shadow on her path and blight her prospect of a happier and worthier love.

He had snatched her from a better fate to rivet her destiny to his own. She unfolded a vision of the future, in which her envenomed existence should cling round him like a Nessus vestre of festering torment with an eternal fidelity of retributive wrath.

In weird, prophetic strain she spoke of herself as devoted, by some inscrutable, inevitable fiat of malign destiny, to the fulfilment of his condign measure of earthly misery—treating her own instrumentality in the process as if she were an unwilling agent, caught and fixed among the moving

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



NO. 3.—GOOD DOG.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

machinery of Fate to perform a loathsome office which she shrunk from, yet foreaw.

Whether it be that there are frames of mind in which deep and passionate emotion stirs up mysterious powers of prevision which pierce into the inner hidden folds of this hourly unwinding existence, or whether it be that the presentiment stamps in its mark to the core of the volumed scroll, so that the corresponding sequel does but bear testimony to the vehement impact of the original foreboding, Lady Julia uttered the words of her doom like an inspired Pythoness, believing all she uttered, and searing in a terrible brandmark of her

in depositing her aching bones at Stephensakes, the Duke of Truckleborough's. Here, under the moderately-affectionate supervision of her eldest daughter, who had a large party in the house and would rather have been spared the visitation, Lady De Vergund allowed herself to be overtaken by the threatened rheumatic fever, and passed an excruciating Christmas. Indeed, it is a question whether her constitution would have pulled through the crisis if Sir Hermes had not been summoned to shake his head ominously as to what might otherwise have happened, to make some very slight suggestions in consultation with the local family physician, and to dignify the occasion by a two-hundred-guinea fee.

(To be continued.)

"GOOD DOG."

OUR Engraving has a very sad moral trailing after it, for it is the picture of Fidelity rewarded, and the steadfast virtue gets little of either thanks or reward in this world.

Faithfulness is the virtue of the Dog, and the exercise of this canine excellence duly meets with a Dog's reward—a meal's victuals, a kennel, and a livery. What more? Reader, if you are a faithful servant, mark how this poor old man fades back into his origin—through Dog hopeful, Dog expectant, Dog despairing, into Dog rewarded. See! even the Salver that the old fellow carries—what is it but a plate of more or less picked bones, which, as a reward of merit for a constant life, are but a shadow, or less? and what if the bone drops out of his mouth, after all?

PRINCE AND PRINCESS NAPOLEON have arrived at Alexandria. Letters received at the same place from Khartoum mention the arrival of English travellers from Zanzibar, who announce the discovery of the source of the Nile.



THE LONG RECKONING.—STRENSAL'S ARRIVAL AT THORSKELF CASTLE.

burning conviction on the cowardly, superstitious nature of that crestfallen, abject miscreant.

The events of the last few days had greatly demoralised Lord De Vergund's nervous system, which, reacting on his digestion, caused racking headaches and blue devils. He was a bad sleeper at the best of times; but of late his stud of nightmares had been eating their heads off, with scarce a doze in the twenty-four hours to work upon. Opium and brandy were his favourite medicines for a mind diseased, and, though they might be valuable remedies in moderation, their habitual use did not tend to promote vigorous bodily health.

About this period of his existence the Marquis turned his miseries over in his mind, and came to the conclusion that he was a wretched being, and that life was a burden. Ever since Strensal's departure he had felt it was a great mistake not to have taken his chance at the pistol's mouth. On one occasion he went so far as to load a pistol and point it at his forehead. It was not cocked, and was not the least likely to go off by accident. Still, it seemed to do him good; for danger is a great sweetener of life. After that he made some prudent resolutions to take greater care of himself, and embarked in his yacht for a trip to Malta and the coast of Africa, for the weather in Naples was growing rather chilly.

As for Lady De Vergund and Lady Julia, they reached London within a week of Strensal's arrival. Sir Hermes Annondine was unfortunately out of town; but her Ladyship's health had rather improved on her journey, while her temper had, if possible, deteriorated. By this time Julia understood Lady Ulrica's anxiety to quit the maternal domicile.

After a day or two in London, the restless old woman set off again, and succeeded in depositing her aching bones at Stephensakes, the Duke of Truckleborough's. Here, under the moderately-affectionate supervision of her eldest daughter, who had a large party in the house and would rather have been spared the visitation, Lady De Vergund allowed herself to be overtaken by the threatened rheumatic fever, and passed an excruciating Christmas. Indeed, it is a question whether her constitution would have pulled through the crisis if Sir Hermes had not been summoned to shake his head ominously as to what might otherwise have happened, to make some very slight suggestions in consultation with the local family physician, and to dignify the occasion by a two-hundred-guinea fee.

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E. J. REED, ESQ., CHIEF
CONSTRUCTOR OF THE NAVY.

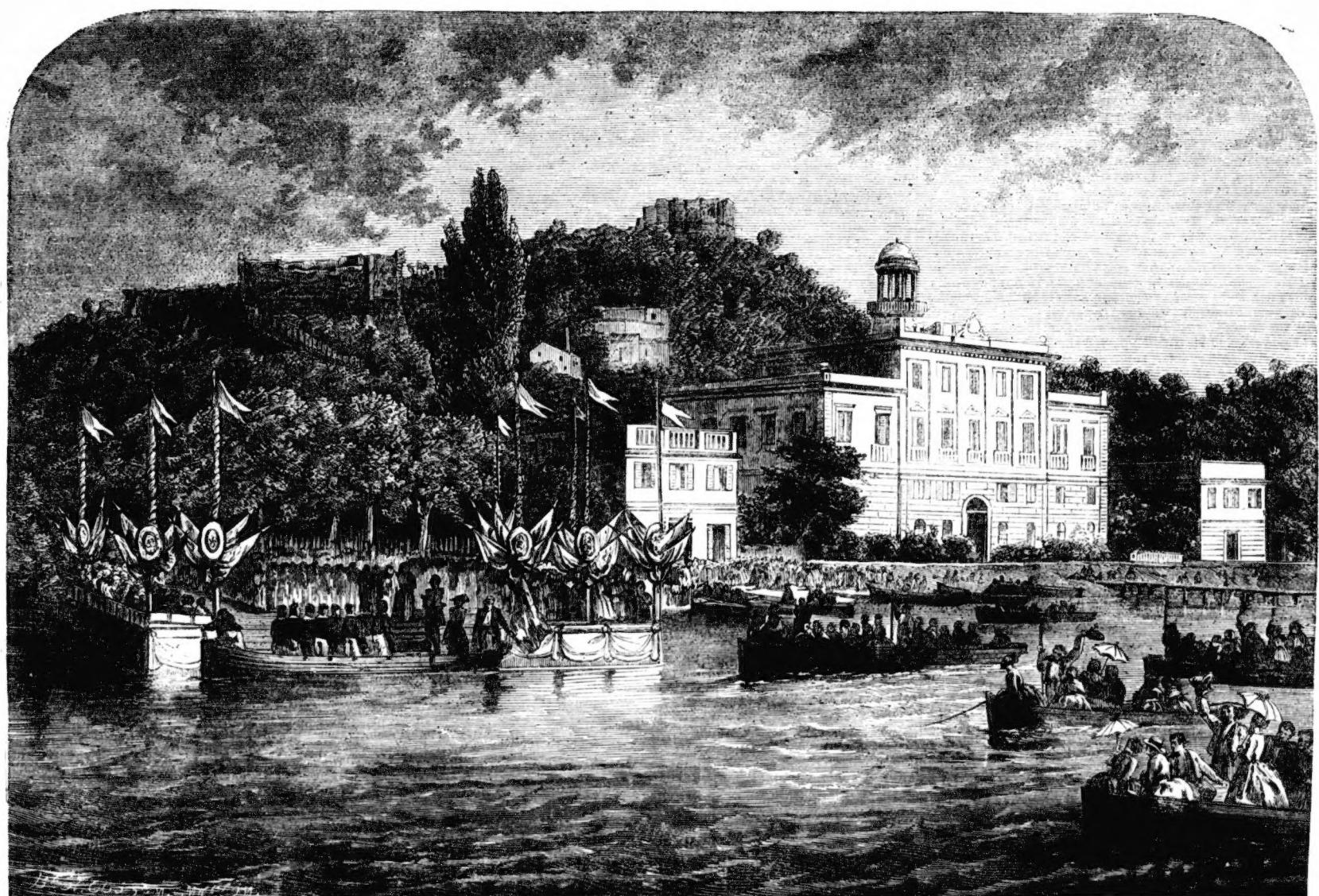
MR. E. J. REED, the recently-appointed Chief Constructor of the Navy, was born in the year 1830 in the town of Sheerness, and was apprenticed as shipbuilder in the Government Dockyard in that place in 1845. About this time the Board of Admiralty established at Portsmouth the School of Mathematics and Naval Construction, placing it under the control of Dr. Woolley, a distinguished mathematician. One or two shipwrights were selected from each of the dockyards to undergo in this Portsmouth College, as it was afterwards called, a course of scientific training. Sheerness contributed Mr. Reed, and for three years he pursued at Portsmouth the study of the profounder branches of the theory of shipbuilding, opportunities being also afforded, of course, for obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of his profession as an art. In 1852 Mr. Reed left the college to find himself installed in the not very dignified position of draughtsman. In 1853 he obtained his discharge from the service, and, at the age of only twenty-three years, came to London, where his talents obtained for him the post of editor of the *Mechanic's Magazine*. The circulation of this periodical rose considerably under the new management, and the magazine became more than it had ever been the recognised organ of the shipbuilders. Mr. Reed in his new office made it now his business to make himself acquainted with many of the private firms throughout the country, and was enabled to visit their yards and see how business was carried on there. So well did he become known, and so highly were his abilities appreciated, that, on the establishment of the Institution of Naval Architects, in 1859, he was selected as the fittest person to organise the society. His reputation by this time had become fully established, for in 1858 the Prince Consort's silver medal from the Society of Arts had been conferred on him for a paper on the modifications which the ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the present century, in which he anticipated many of the devices which have since been adopted in iron-cased ships, especially the method of employing armour of increased thickness in the region of the water-line, a contrivance since extensively introduced into the French Navy. In 1861 Mr. Reed placed before the Admiralty certain proposals which, we believe, have been adopted by the Government, and which have led to the construction

of a new class of vessel which will be perfectly armour-cased, but of a more manageable size than the monster floating castles to which it was at one time supposed our choice would be restricted. Mr. Reed's name was now well known at Whitehall, and, what is more, was known as the name of a man whom it was important not to lose. When, therefore, Mr. Watts, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, began to prepare for retirement, after nearly fifty years' service, it was determined by the Duke of Somerset that Mr. Reed should be his successor. At one time it was supposed that the Admiralty would reverse this decision, in consequence of the unfortunate letter, somewhat hastily addressed by Mr. Reed to Sir Frederick Smith, which caused that little scene in the House of Commons a few weeks back. Wisely, however, we think, the Government have thought it unadvisable to throw overboard originality and talent merely because their possessor had written a hasty note; and Mr. Reed will, we hear, be retained. It can easily be understood how great must be the jealousy which he will have to encounter, not only as an inventor, but as having passed over the heads of so many who are his seniors. Nothing but great abilities and an unusual combination of circumstances could have justified the Admiralty in virtually superseding so many of its meritorious officers; but in this case the abilities were great and the circumstances were exceptional. We confidently predict a successful future for the new Constructor of the Navy. The appointment is alike honourable to Mr. Reed and the Admiralty—to Mr. Reed that without political influence he has gained so exalted a position, and to the Admiralty that it has selected a gentleman solely because he is fitted to perform the duties of his office.

THE KING OF ITALY AT
SPEZIA.

OUR Engraving represents the reception of Victor Emmanuel at Spezia, at which place he stayed for the purpose of examining the dockyards and arsenal, where, for some time, important maritime works have been executed. The Royal visit was almost private in its character, since his Majesty only took Spezia on his way to open the new railway to Pisa; but still something of a demonstration welcomed his arrival. The Royal salutes were given by eight Italian vessels of war and two iron-plated frigates, and the King was received at the landing-place by the municipal authorities.

E. J. REED, ESQ., CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR OF THE NAVY.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN AND CHARLES WATKINS.)



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S VISIT TO SPEZIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY MR. REYNOLDS.)

THE OPERA.

THE production of Signor Schira's new opera has been the only remarkable musical event of the week. It is rare, indeed, for an entirely original work to be brought out on the Anglo-Italian stage. With the exception of Jullien's "Pietro il Grande," and Signor Campani's "Almina," produced for Mdile. Piccolomini in her farewell engagement, both of which were unquestionable failures, Signor Schira's "Nicolo de' Lapi" is the only untried work that has been attempted at either of our Italian houses for many years. We regret that we cannot record its decided success. It is true that the composer was twice called for on the first night of performance; but the applause grew fainter as the evening wore on, and on the second representation it was fainter still. This comparative failure affords another proof of the fatal effects of a bad libretto. Composers never thoroughly realise the all-importance of an interesting subject. No opera, of which the plot is either undramatic in itself or badly worked out, has ever yet kept possession of the stage. It would seem paradoxical to assert that in a lyric drama the plot is of more consequence than the music, but the history of opera would almost justify the assumption. A great deal of Verdi's success may, we think, be traced to the effective nature of the stories on which his works are founded, while not even Mozart's or Weber's genius have succeeded in imparting continued popularity to such plays as "Die Zauberflöte," or "Euryanthe." Signor Schira has been singularly unfortunate in his libretto. The subject in itself, the last struggle of the Florentine patriots in defence of their cherished Republic, is in the highest degree interesting, but the librettist, Signor Marcillo, editor of a Milanese musical periodical which bears "Il Trovatore" for its device, has performed his task with an unskillful hand. Not one character in the play inspires the slightest sympathy, while the hero, Nicolo de' Lapi, the true-hearted but stern and inflexible disciple of Savonarola, although he is constantly on the stage, and although his execution is the climax of the story, has so little influence on the progress of events that the character might very well be omitted altogether. Our strictures apply to the construction of the story, for the quality of the verses is of minor importance. In this instance the lines, although very weak, are no worse than is the large majority of Italian libretti; but the English translation, as well as the prefatory "argument," are glaringly absurd. We may dismiss the story in very few words. Selvaggia, a nondescript lady described as "a warrior," of Royalist tendencies, and who always appears in full armour, cherishes, in spite of her manly costume and tastes, an ardent love for Lamberto, an adopted son of Nicolo and a soldier of the Republican army. She has, it appears, already pursued him with true military ardour, but Lamberto, conceiving an excusable dislike to a wife in a coat of mail, turns a deaf ear and an abusive tongue to her suit. Enraged at his rejection, she breaks in upon the ceremony of his betrothal with Landomia, the daughter of Nicolo, and succeeds in separating the happy pair by delivering to the dismayed bridegroom a forged order from his chief to rejoin the army. Through the machinations of Troilo, a Royalist and a pretended friend of Nicolo, the city of Florence is delivered over to the enemy. Selvaggia renews her overtures to Lamberto, who is now in her power; but though he repulses her, not merely with scorn but with abuse, she liberates both himself and his friends in time for them to save Landomia, who is undergoing a similar amorous persecution from the traitor Troilo. He is dropped into a well, and here, at the end of the third act, the drama might end, were it not that Nicolo, who, it will be recollect, has had no direct influence on the story, has to be executed. With this catastrophe, which takes place, by-the-by, very uncomfortably, half way up a long staircase which seems to have been constructed with no object save that of putting the singer out of breath, the curtain finally falls. In this last act, too, Selvaggia is pardoned by Nicolo, though what she should ask for forgiveness for, and why she should obtain it, the libretto fails to explain.

The most obvious defect of Signor Schira's music is its persistent loudness. The ophicleide player has certainly more employment in this one than in three ordinary grand operas; drums, triangle, and cymbals are constantly used, and there is scarcely a piece throughout which is not accompanied by all the cornets and trombones. This, however, is a defect which might be easily remedied, but Signor Schira's peculiarity in postponing the climax to his concerted pieces until the listener ceases to care whether it ever comes at all, is a still more serious drawback to his success. He has, however, the gift of writing melodies which, if not always original, are elegant, graceful, and expressive. The quartettino of the first act may be cited as a favourable example of pure Italian melody. It will doubtless soon be popular in our drawing-rooms among amateurs of ordinary ability. The canzone, "La bella mia," again, is charmingly quaint and characteristic. But the most perfectly successful achievement of Signor Schira has been the long dramatic duet between Selvaggia and Lamberto, "Te compiangerò poter," the whole of which is exceedingly interesting; while the melody of the slow movement, "Era placida la sera," is remarkably elegant. When we have mentioned the prayer for contralto, "Trista, assorta nel dolor," we have enumerated all the passages which are the most likely, now that the opera is withdrawn, to be heard in our concert-rooms.

The performance was in every respect admirable. Indeed, by the splendid cast of this opera, Mr. Mapleson has amply maintained the reputation of his establishment as par excellence the *teatro delle voci*. Mdile. Titiens never sang more superbly than in her arduous and uninteresting character, while in her splendid martial costume she looked like a thorough Amazon, morally, at least, if not physically. Mdile. Trebelli's rich and luscious voice won each night an encore for the pretty canzone to which we have already alluded. Signor Giungili sang throughout with infinite sweetness, if with an occasional want of power; and M. Gassier played the traitor with gusto. But Mr. Santley achieved a greater triumph than all his companions. Historically as well as musically, his performance was unexceptionable, while his splendid voice, whenever the trombonists paused to take breath, rang out through the large house full, rich, and clear. Signor Arditto must be highly praised for the admirable general performance, and Mdile. Ferrari should be blamed for introducing Adolphe Adam's light and brilliant music into "Nicolo de' Lapi," did not our grateful eyes forbid all censure.

On Monday morning, by-the-by, appeared in the "Thunderer" a most ingeniously laudatory notice of Signor Schira's work. The evening of the same day found the theatre all but empty, and the opera withdrawn. So much for the influence of the *Times* in matters musical.

At COVENT GARDEN the return of Mdile. Adelina Patti and of Signor Mario has invested the recent performances with marked interest, and, did space allow, we would expatiate upon the present admirable representation of "Il Barbiere." Signor Mario's voice is now in excellent order, and he still sings Rossini's brilliant music as no other living tenor can, while his high-bred demeanour cannot now be rivalled either on the Italian or on the English stage. Mdile. Patti's Rosina is no less artistically admirable, while in beauty of voice and in personal fascination she has, of course, a great advantage over her playmate. We wish that English low-comedy actors would all go and see Signor Ronconi's "barber." They would never appear on the stage again.

As an illustration of the prevalent mania for looking at all subjects from a "fancy" point of view, we may draw attention to some lines on the politics of Europe, entitled "Arthur Sketchley's Telegrams," which that versatile individual has added to his clever and amusing entertainment. The lines are very ingeniously elaborated, but, somewhat difficult of comprehension when read, they labour under the disadvantage of being quite unintelligible when sung. Strangely enough, they have been printed at length in the *Musical World*, a facetiously-named periodical, which appears to open its columns to original "matter" on all subjects but music.

DR. REID, well known in connection with the ventilation of the Houses of Parliament, St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and other public buildings, died suddenly at Washington on the 5th of April.

AT WASHWOOD HEATH, near Birmingham, in a space of not twenty houses, there are six females, whose united ages amount to 495 years, being an average of eighty-two years six months each.

Literature.

TWO ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

A Dark Night's Work. By MRS. GASKELL.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have thoroughly succeeded in establishing the one-volume novel system in the very teeth of the circulating libraries, and in face of the fact that many distinguished writers have, for the last few years, been inflicting upon the public works of much more than average length. Perhaps, like most things in Nature, no two novel-readers are precisely alike—peas, peas, and Mr. Thackeray's young ladies, of course, excepted from the sweeping assertion; but we can yet understand a preference for one volume which can be carefully read during a leisure day over three times the quantity which can scarcely be skinned. Thus it is not difficult to see that for the smaller creation a certain standard of literary excellence must be attained, or the book might be skipped within a couple of hours. The interest must be great, the filling up condensed. Generally speaking, each of the present novels comes up to the standard, or, at worst, does not fall far short of it. Mrs. Gaskell's "Dark Night's Work" has already seen the day in *All the Year Round*, which is alone an honourable passport to other society. It is like being presented at Court, with the advantage of emerging from the ordeal considerably improved rather than ruffled in the feathers. Any commentary on the story would probably be incomprehensible without a description of the leading incident—otherwise it should be treasured up until the reader plucked out the mystery. It is this—the heroine, Ellinor Wilkins, by chance detects a death in the house. It is dark, and her father, a country attorney, being annoyed at some prolonged and pertinacious questioning from his partner, has given him a push of the shoulder, causing him to slip down on some furniture—and die! In this dilemma there is much needless shrieking for the good people have not the faintest knowledge of law, although Papa happens to be an attorney, and will insist on construing the affair into murder, instead of into accidental death, as would doubtless have been done by any twelve intelligent gentlemen who would have been put into the jury box. It is better to avoid such accidents, truly; but as everybody knows, they happen every day. However, our friends prove to have other than legal resources. "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for," is an ancient saying, and of most fallacious import, as the present example will show. An "old and valued retainer," old Dixon, suggests that they shall bury the body in the flower-garden, which they actually do, Miss Ellinor assisting in the most romantic fashion. From that "Dark Night's Work" their troubles commence—but they are not to be described here. The scenes are full of power, the incidents flow freely and naturally, and are quite in accordance with human and poetic justice. From Mrs. Gaskell, indeed, nothing less than this could have been expected. She is ever thoroughly artistic, and too moral to pass over a literally "grave" fault until those tears have been dropped which prelude the advent of the "Prince of Peace." But it is not possible to pass the volume thus, without regretting that the main incident should have been so strangely handled. If the father, daughter, and servant really believed it to be a hanging matter, it is not difficult to imagine them taking some preventive measures—and of course Mrs. Gaskell treats it from that point of view. But, unfortunately, that amount of commonsense intelligence incarnated in the "general reader" brings the transaction down to accidental death; and Mr. Wilkins, previously avoided, would leave the court "without the slightest stain on his character." Hazlitt said of Coleridge that "he was a most splendid talker, provided you would allow him to start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Of the "Dark Night's Work" we will say that it starts from premises almost ridiculous, but that every chapter leading to the conclusion is little short of splendid writing.

To speak from experience, the "Simple Woman" can be read from first to last with fair amusement—rather than interest. It may be described as a novel of characters, or variety of characters, very pretty sketches, and almost all of which have the happy faculty of pleasing the reader. In the "Dark Night's Work" there is only one character of any prominence who would not be a grim skeleton in any well-regulated household. In the "Simple Woman," on the other hand, there is but one character who does not possess one or more characteristics which would be quite sufficient to recommend it to anybody with a taste for quaintness or absurdity, or, indeed, anything but poetics. The author must not run away with the idea that he is successful in keeping his plot in hand. From the moment that Anthony Sievewright appears on the scene there can be no doubt of what is going to happen, or, at least, of a happy termination. But yet, through everything, the reader cannot help going on to the finish, just as the sight of the extreme end of a country lane never deters the traveller from his walk. "A Simple Woman" has quite sufficient story in it; but much of the incident, or the filling-up, has been over-worked. Young ladies interested in cottages and the ventilation of pigstyes have been no novelties since Mr. Kingsley's *Honoraria* "caught the fever" and fell in love with a poetical purveyor of fishponds. They are now to be as regularly met with in novels as "giddy things" of thirty in ballrooms, or "rising young men, Sir," of fifteen everywhere. Moreover, the author is not habitually successful in dialogue. As much of it is very good average style of talk, it may almost be passed over; but yet the author should be warned of such unnatural bombast as that of Miss Octavia, a young lady of seventeen, who finds her brother in the house with a dog. She "proceeded to censure him." "He is bringing his dogs into forbidden ground. What do you mean, Ralph, by introducing these four-footed followers here, when mamma has passed an interdict against their presence on any account?"

In conclusion, we shall only say that here will be found much that is lifelike, picturesque, and pleasant in character.

Parvula. (Poems.) By MINIMUS. Trübner and Co.

Readers of our critical columns do not need to be told how imperfect we think are the results to be obtained by the application to poetry of the very best and most cautious criticism. Every way the subject is a most puzzling one. Scores of volumes of verse come before one which are of a degree and sort of badness that do not seem to permit of their being in any way called poetry. Yet one cannot escape the reflection that there must be some poetry in every one who devotes himself to poetic forms with more or less of patience. The difficulty is to do justice in each particular case.

In the case of this little volume we are more than usually puzzled. We have not given the *whole* of the titlepage, and think it right to tell the author that it is a very great wonder we did not fling the book aside on the mere strength of the presumptive evidence afforded by the affectedness of what we have omitted. We turned over a few pages, however, and found indications of true poetic feeling, and something more. Once or twice, indeed, we were on the point of stopping short and sending "Parvula" to limbo for egregious faults of taste. It seems almost impossible that anybody (above the age of a schoolboy) can have true poetry in him who writes the last seven verses of "The Little Girl and her Shadow." Up to that point we have real poetry; but all of a sudden the author drops down to the most incongruous Hebraisms, Oriental imagery of the oddest kind—God being actually called "Jehovah" for the sake of the rhythm, the author wanting a word of three syllables, accented on the second. But does "Minimus" require to be told that "Jehovah" was a purely local and national name for Almighty God? and that, unless he had been paraphrasing a Jewish Prophet, there was no more meaning in talking of "Jehovah" than there would have been in saying "Siah" or "Corban," or dedicating his verses "to the Chief Musician upon Shoshannim," or "to the Chief Musician upon Jonath-elemrechokim?" Apparently, "Minimus" does require to be told that the phraseology and imagery of the Sunday-school are not susceptible of being worked up in tender little songs about love and nature, such as his book consists of. We heartily welcome the reverence and the faith which appear in nearly all he writes; but we are a little ruffled when we find ourselves reading a jumble of

Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore, and Dr. Bippon's "Collection." Let he or any of our readers should misapprehend our meaning, we will say that we have not, for instance, the least quarrel with the touching verse at page 71, where we have allusions to "Gethsemane" and the "arisen Lord." That poem is in keeping from first to last, but a great many of the others are not.

We will venture to give one of the pleasantest things in "Parvula," not restraining to add that there are a great many which are quite as good:—

THE HUMAN SELF-SURVIVOR.

How many a man (sad, sad to tell)
Follows himself to his own grave;
And makes his own heart knoll the knell
Of every passion pure and brave:
The knell of all the better light,
Wherewith his early youth began;
The passing-bell that tells the flight
Of all the true life of the man!
For man is dead when dead to truth,
Tho' for a while, the slave of self,
He cumber still the ground forsooth,
The sad survivor of himself!

Our parting words to "Minimus" shall be these:—If he is quite young, let him cultivate poetry; but, young or not young, let him sacrifice nineteen-twentieths of the present volume, sternly revise every verse of what is left, never attempt what he calls an "epicram," and drop the incongruous use of Sunday-school slip-slop. We have already said, and we repeat, that there is something of real poetic instinct in his book, and that we should think its cost well spent if only for the purchase of such nice little bits as occur, for example, on pages 9, 51, 57, 59, 67, 100, 171, and a few others. The merit (not without grave drawbacks, but still real) of the poem called "The Christian's Heart" (page 168) induces us to suggest to the author that he might, perhaps, with success take to the writing of hymns. If he could make his phraseology truly Catholic, he would do pious souls a great service by giving them some good devotional poetry. Could he not pursue the track opened up by the Rev. J. J. Lynch in "The Rivulet"? Or that opened up in another book, very little known—"Hymns and Meditations," by Anna Letitia Waring?

THE EMPRESS'S DOG.—The Empress Eugénie has purchased at the Paris dog show a little Havannah lapdog, which rejoices in the name of Coquette. This animal is a beautiful specimen of her race. "Her hair is fully eight inches long, and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head; but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house, on the floor of which is a Persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks are placed in a corner of the aforesaid glass house on a porcelain plate and in a silver cup which she won for her late proprietor."

A CREEK ON FIRE.—A Canadian paper states that on the evening of the first Sunday in April the inhabitants of Oil Spring village found that a quantity of tar oil, which had floated down the stream of Black Creek, being obstructed by some felled trees and collected in a mass, had caught, or was set on fire, the result being that a grand illumination took place; at first the flames were small in proportion, but as the evening progressed they spread, trees near caught, and a startling fire was the result. For rods, it is stated, the creek appeared as a boiling cauldron, darting sheets of red flame high into the air to an altitude of nearly 50ft. Crowds of people gathered to witness the weird and interesting scene, and various stratagems were resorted to in order to check the progress of the fire. Ultimately these efforts were successful, and the flames were subdued, no further damage having been sustained by the villagers than the burning down of some fine trees and other timber. An inventive Yankee proposes that on the approach of a British fleet to New York harbour petroleum should be floated on the water, and when the hostile ships are in the middle it should be fired by means of rockets.

PAINTING BY TELEGRAPH.—The Empress Eugénie has lately had her like-ness telegraphed to some of her friends in the provinces, and last week Castelli telegraphed a painting of a full-blown rose from the Observatory to the bureau of the Telegraphic Administration. The petals were of a beautiful pink colour, and the leaves of an equally good green—in short, were exactly like the tints of the original. Rossini, also, not many days ago, telegraphed to Marseilles, by the same apparatus, a melody which he improvised in honour of the inventor, and which has since gone the round of the Paris salons.

AN EXPLOSION OF GAS took place in the music-room of the Pavilion at Brighton, during a concert on Wednesday evening which set the building on fire and caused a great panic among the audience. No serious, injuries however, were sustained.

LAW AND CRIME.

"TRIAL by jury is the Briton's privilege." Very true; but how many Britons know what trial by jury means? In its original, constitutional, and true signification the phrase means this, and no more—that no Briton shall be subjected to punishment for any offence until found guilty of the same by twelve of his peers or equals, sworn to deliver a true verdict according to the evidence. Viewed under this aspect, the trial by jury is a wisely-provided barrier against class tyranny. In its conventional, debased, and modern signification trial by jury comprehends this signification—that twelve tradesmen, more or less intelligent, lighted upon hazard, or by a worse method of selection, by a summoning-officer, are to be constituted judges not only of fact and of the weight of evidence, but of the effect of testimony as regarded under the influence of and subject to certain views of law laid before them by the presiding Judge. We have but little hesitation in declaring this modern system of trying by jury in civil causes to be a perversion of the intention of our ancient legislators. Few prudent Englishmen, confident in a just cause of civil right, would care to submit it to a jury. The Court of Chancery, unaided by a jury, decides a large number of such cases. The decisions of the County Court Judges upon a still more numerous class of causes are seldom impeached. Both sides have there the option of the boasted "trial by jury," which is, nevertheless, not frequently resorted to, except on behalf of a party who hopes, by force of "gab" or appeal to popular ignorance or commercial predilections, to gain an advantage not to be hoped for from a shrewd and capable Judge. The tendency of recent legislation has been wisely to diminish the number of civil causes brought before juries. The Bills of Exchange Act, the County Courts Act, the powers of reference in the Common Law Procedure Act have all this object, and their united tendency in this respect has been in the highest degree beneficial. Two curious instances of jury judgments have come before the public during the last few days. "Turk v. Barber," tried in the Common Pleas, was an action brought by a person calling himself a "commission agent and a member of the Commercial Salerooms." The defendant was a relieving officer of the parish of Lambeth. Plaintiff was married, and had several children, one a young woman of about seventeen. The plaintiff's case was that defendant caused plaintiff to be taken in a cab to the workhouse, where he was placed in the lunatic ward, whence, after a few days, he was discharged as of sound mind, "though very excitable from drinking." We quote the defendant's case in full, because it appears, not simply as an *ex parte* statement, but as disclosed in many important parts by the cross-examination of the plaintiff and his witnesses:—

The plaintiff's children had gone to the defendant to complain of their father's outrageous conduct to them and of his violence, and he told them to go to a magistrate, but the magistrate declined to interfere. The defendant, as relieving officer, thereupon thought it his duty to do so. Plaintiff had frequently threatened to murder his children, and himself afterwards. The neighbours had heard his violent threats, and one of them had threatened his daughter, whom he had slapped, and shaken, and threatened to turn out of doors. He called his boy "the devil's darling," and often threatened to thrash him, but he kept out of his way. He breakfasted usually in bed, but got up in time for business. He got intoxicated at times, but denied that he could recollect having caressed and kissed the back of an armchair on one occasion, unless a lady were in it. His subscription to the Commercial Salerooms had been declined to be received because of complaints of his violent conduct, and Dr. Cronin had given a certificate, dated May 24, 1862, certifying that the plaintiff was of "unsound mind, aggravated by drink, and wholly unfit to be at large; that his conduct both at home as well as abroad was outrageous, and that he was continually threatening his own life and that of his children." Acting on this certificate, and believing it to be his duty, the defendant, as relieving officer, had had the plaintiff removed to the lunatic asylum of the workhouse.

The Judge pointed out that the defendant had certainly been wrong in point of law, but also intimated that "what had happened to the plaintiff had probably been most beneficial to him, and there was no pretence for imputing any malicious motive to the defendant, who, mistakenly no doubt, had simply acted as he believed it to be his duty to do: urged on by the complaints of the plaintiff's children and what he heard from the plaintiff's neighbours; and believing the responsibility of acting in the matter to be cast on him." And hereupon, "to the surprise of every one in Court," the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff: damages £20. We fancy that no habitual reader can imagine us to be prejudiced in a general way in favour of parochial officers. But here is the case of a violent person addicted to drink and threatening to commit murder and suicide. A magistrate, perhaps justifiably, perhaps carelessly, declines to interfere upon urgent representation of the facts by one of the man's own family. The parish officer, who is appealed to by virtue of his office, makes careful inquiry of the neighbours, and, acting upon their statements as well as that of the plaintiff's children, and still further fortified by the certificate of a medical man, takes the apparently demented man not to a private asylum, but to a public infirmary, whence he is discharged upon the subsidence of his drunken fury. And for this, for an act which the Judge declares to have been probably most beneficial to the plaintiff, the officer is to be mulcted in twenty pounds; the verdict, of course, carrying costs, for the benefit of the man whose own conduct has occasioned all the mischief. It is but small satisfaction to learn that the Judge suspended execution to await the result of a motion for a new trial, on the ground of excessive damages. Who is to recompense the unfortunate defendant for the costs upon his own side, should the defendant prove unable to pay them? It is common enough for defendant's counsel, in such cases as these, to denounce the plaintiff's cause as "speculative," and as an attorney's action. It might be well if occasionally the name and repute of the attorneys bringing such causes into court were made public. In the present case we are enabled to gratify a not unreasonable curiosity. The plaintiff's attorney in this case was a Mr. Parkes, whose name came before the public not long since in connection with the bankruptcy of one Archibald George Logan, on which matter we quote the following remarks of Mr. Commissioner Goulburn, as reported in the *Times* of the 20th of January last:—

He (bankrupt) was assisted in that court by a Mr. Parkes, solicitor, of Beaufort-buildings, who occasionally took out his certificate and occasionally did not. Parkes, it appeared, had been himself insolvent three times Parkes having assisted Logan to get out of prison had acted as his referee shortly after he (Parkes) had also got himself out of the same place. His Honour here narrated the circumstances under which the bankrupt had obtained credit from Mr. Asper and others, as already fully reported in the *Times*, and proceeded to say that he considered Parkes had assisted the bankrupt to swindle parties who had been applied to him as the bankrupt's referee.

A case of "Poole v. Lewis," tried in the Exchequer on the same day as "Turk v. Barber," serves also to illustrate the aberrations of the jury-box. Mr. Poole is a tailor, and defendant ordered clothes of him to the amount of £30 odd. Plaintiff had reason, after supplying the goods, to doubt the credit of the defendant, and sued him for the amount of the account. It was shown that it was plaintiff's custom to announce upon his billheads that twelve-months' credit would be given if plaintiff were satisfied with his customer. In this case the defendant set up that a special agreement had been made for six months' credit, which had not expired when the action was commenced. The defendant did not come forward at the trial, though his wife attended and swore that, having heard of such an agreement, she had mentioned it to plaintiff's traveller, who had admitted it. She also swore that she did not know what was the occupation of her husband. The traveller was also in court, and denied upon oath that anything of the kind had ever passed between him and the lady. The jury decided that the contract for credit had been fully proved, and gave a verdict for the defendant. Whereupon ensued the following colloquy:—

Mr. Hawkins, who seemed greatly surprised at the verdict, asked his Lordship whether he thought there was any evidence whatever of a contract.

Mr. Baron Martin said that objection ought to have been taken at the conclusion of the defendant's evidence.

Mr. Hawkins said it was monstrous that the expense of setting aside a verdict which was founded on no evidence, and of a new trial, should be totally thrown away without any reason whatever.

Mr. Baron Martin—Certainly, but the proceedings in trials must be conducted in a regular manner. Everything here has been conducted perfectly regular.

Mr. Hawkins—I am afraid, my Lord, that it is regular waste (Laughter).

Some of the jury seemed disposed to discuss the matter, but they were stopped by the Judge, who said that their duty in the case had terminated.

Mr. George Thompson, one of the promoters of the anti-corn law agitation, and formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, appeared as plaintiff in an action for libel against the proprietor of the *Hampshire Advertiser*. The defendant had in that journal taken the opportunity of Mr. Thompson's appearance as a candidate for the representation of Southampton, in December last, to charge him with "hired advocacy," and with having "openly insulted the volunteers of this country." After a remonstrance, in which Mr. Thompson declared the statement to be "an unfounded and malignant falsehood," the defendant again attacked him in vulgar and scurrilous paragraphs, of which we subjoin one or two extracts as sufficient samples of the style of the whole:—

The advocacy of Thompson on the occasion alluded to by us last week, supposing it to have been paid for, we then put down to the stupidity and false notions of Captain Mangles' managing committee. Had they hired him at the very low consideration of 2d., we should have held them to be miscalculating fools. Well, then, George Thompson was not hired. Let that go forth. In rendering himself simply ridiculous in hurrying back here from the Isle of Wight he was a free agent. . . . Thompson is a "teetotaller"; and, as the many palls of water he must in consequence have partaken of do not tend to cool and equalise his temper, we advise him to improve his disposition by resorting at once to the humanising influence of brandy, not premising matters by the slightest admixture with it of the contents of pump, pond, or river. The venerable spokesman is quite out of his element in this pugnacious humour of his.

The defendant attempted no justification; and his counsel urged, in mitigation of damages, that the article was written under the heat and excitement of an election contest, and ought not to be read with that strictness they generally applied to articles

written in cooler moments. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £150.

The bankruptcy of Annie Russell, recently unsuccessful plaintiff in a case of "Russell v. Adams," is recorded. Whereupon our esteemed contemporary *Punch* thinks fit to publish a gratulatory article, treating the bankruptcy as "retributive," and as an act of "poetical justice," considered from the point of view of the defendant, who had successfully encountered the plaintiff's case with a flat denial and a charge of conspiracy against the defendant and her mamma. The truth of the matter is, in these cases, that the bankruptcy of the plaintiff is just the culmination of the injury of the defendant. In this particular case the defendant had been arrested for £350, costs incurred by Mr. Adams, a most respectable surgeon, who had been pitched upon as the victim of a most unfounded action, and whom *Punch*, from a most erroneous though benevolent point of view, congratulates upon the bankruptcy of his opponent, which, of course, throws the whole burden of the £350 costs upon the innocent shoulders of Mr. Adams himself.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

COMPARED with the previous week, there has been much less activity in the market for all National securities, and the quotations have shown a tendency to give way. Consols for Money, have been done at 93 1/2; Ditto, for the 9th of June, 92 to 93 ex div.; Reduced and New Three per Cent., 9 1/2; Exchequer Bills, 4s. dia. to par. Bank Stock has sold at 235.

Most Indian Securities have moved off slowly, nevertheless, no change of importance has taken place in price. India Stock has marked 23 to 23 1/2; Ditto, New, 109 1/2; the Four per Cent Rupee Paper, 97 1/2; and the Five per Cent., 107 1/2. The Depositories have marked 106 1/2; and the Bonds, 17s. to 21s. prime.

There has been an improved demand for Money for commercial purposes, and the lowest rates for the best bills in the open market are as follows:—

Thirty Days Bills	3s 1/2 per cent.
Sixty Days	3s
Three Months	3s
Four Months	3s
Six Months	4s to 5s

The supply of money has become less extensive, and scarcely any gold has been shipped to the Bank of England. The Continental exchanges have become less favourable, and the profit on the import of gold from America has been reduced. The imports from that quarter have, consequently, fallen off.

Rather an important rise has taken place in the value of silver-dollars having sold as high as 6s. 6d. per ounce—although the exports by the steamer to India have been only 20,000.

The market for Foreign Bonds has ruled less active, and prices have had a downward tendency. Italian Scrip has sold at 2 to 2 1/2 prem.; Danish, 1 prem.; Confederate, 4s. dia. to par.; and Portuguese, 5s prem. Australian Five per Cent. have marked 81; Brazilian Four-and-a-half per Cent., 94; Buenos Ayres Six per Cent., 95 1/2; Egyptian, 99 1/2; Greek, 32; Ditto Coupons, 15; Italian Railway, 80; Mexican Three per Cent., 71; Portuguese Three per Cent., 49 1/2; Russian Four-and-a-half per Cent., 91 1/2; Spanish Five per Cent., 84; Spanish Three per Cent., 54; Ditto, Standard Five per Cent., 70; Turkish Old Sirper Cent., 92; Ditto, 108, 70; Turkish, 10s; Dutch Small, 4s; Ditto, 106, 72; Venezia Three per Cent., 24 1/2; Ditto, 100, 54 1/2 civ.; Dutch Two-and-a-half per Cent., 6s; Ditto Dutch Four per Cent., 102; and Italian Five per Cent., 7 1/2.

Joint-stock Bank Shares have been dealt in to a moderate extent, and the following are the leading quota ions:—Alliance, 31; Agric. and United Service, 100; Au-tralia, 73; Bank of Queensland, 71; Chartered of British Columbia, 91; Chartered of India, Australia, and China, 26; Chartered Mercantile of India, London and China, 51; City, 101; Imperial, 154; Imperial Ottoman, 21; London and Colonial, 42; London and County, 43; London Stock, 36; London and South African, 21; London and West-minster, 75; Oriental, 55; Provincial of Ireland, 93; Standard of South Africa, 18; Union of Australia, 53; Union of England, 31; and Union of London, 34.

Colonial and Foreign Securities have ruled steadily. Canada Six per Cent., 107 1/2; New South Wales, 103; Ceylon, 111; New Brunswick, 107 1/2; Nova Scotia, 106; Prince Edward, 107; Queensland, 103; Tasmania, 107; Victoria, 111.

Miscellaneous Securities have changed hands to a moderate extent, as follow:—Berlin Wa-works, 9; Crystal Palace, 35; Electric Telegraph, 103; Great Ship Seven-and-a-half per Cent. Premium, 5; National Discount, 93; Peninsular and Oriental Steam, New, 46; Royal Mail Steam, 67 ex div.; South Australian Land, 33; and Van Diemen's Land, 152.

The market for Railway Shares has been far from active; nevertheless, prices have ruled tolerably firm.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The arrivals of English wheat up to our market this week have been only moderate. For good and fine samples the demand has ruled steady, at full prices; but low and damp qualities have moved off slowly, at barely previous rates. We have no quotable change to notice in the value of foreign wheats. To force sales, however, lower rates must have been submitted to. The barley trade has continued steady, on former terms, and there has been a marked fall in quality. Low-grade wheats have sold the turn lower. Both beans and peas were tolerably firm; but the demand for both English and foreign flour was a dull inquiry.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 4s. to 5s.; ditto, white, 4s. to 5s.; grinding barley, 2s. to 2s.; ditto, 2s.; malting, new, 2s. to 4s.; rye, 3s. to 3s.; malt, 50s. to 68s.; food oats, 1s. to 2s.; potato ditto, 3s. to 3s.; tick beans, 2s. to 3s.; grey peas, 3s. to 3s.; white ditto, 3s. to 4s. per quarter. Town-made flour, 4s. to 4s.; country marks, 3s. to 3s.; town households, 3s. to 4s. per 200lb.

CATTLE.—The supplies of fat stock have been on the increase, and the trade, generally, has been very inactive on easier terms:—Beef, from 3s. to 4s. 10d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; lamb, 6s. to 7s. 4d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.; and pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. per lb. to sink the oil.

CATTLE.—The supplies of fat stock have been on the increase, and the trade, generally, has been very inactive on easier terms:—Beef, from 3s. to 4s. 10d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.; lamb, 6s. to 7s. 4d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.; and pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. per lb. to sink the oil.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—G. WILSON, Ayr, plumber. W. H. CALMAN, Glasgow, flour merchant. F. M'IVER, Stornoway, merchant. D. KENNEDY, Glasgow, writer. D. FATTERSON, Edinburgh, grocer. G. S. BROWN, Darlington, butcher. F. NANKIVELL, Pool, Cornwall, grocer. F. BUNN, MANCHESTER, grocer. J. HEDDON, Liverpool, plumber. J. CLIFF, Kingston-on-Thames, builder. T. CATELY, Evelyn-street, Deptford, wood-carver. E. BELL, Alfres-place, Bedford-square. J. CANNON, Stafford-road, Old Ford, commission agent. J. WRIGHT, Market Drayton, Salop. T. OATES, Worcester, traveller for hop merchants. H. BUTLER, jun., Birmingham, butcher. A. MORTON, Newcastle-under-Lyme, travelling draper. G. HENKIN, Nottingham, rope manufacturer. J. BURNETT, Hove, Leicestershire, farmer. R. ICKER, Nottingham, Martin, farmer. J. COVELL, Blackburn. K. OGDEN, Manchester, cabinet-maker. G. S. BROWN, Bawtry. H. KAY, Manchester, India-rubber dealer. G. WALKER, Darlington, butcher. F. NANKIVELL, Pool, Cornwall, grocer. F. BUNN, MANCHESTER, grocer. J. SMITH, Shiffield, cutlery manufacturer. F. B. HESLEWOOD, Hedon, Yorkshire, commission agent. J. T. CLARK, Lincoln, waster. H. BALL, Farnham, licensed victualler. S. TOMLINSON, Repton Derbyshire, farmer. J. DARLINGTON, Burslem, watchmaker. F. STEWART, Oldbury, Worcester-shire, corn dealer. J. JONES, Sedgley, Staffordshire, charter-master. A. R. G. CHURCHILL, Sedgley, Staffordshire, charter-master. T. H. B. BUCKLEY, Lathom-gate, near Walsall, grocer. T. VIAN, Freemantle, Farnsall, Sawyer. J. L. LANNING, Southampton, hatter. J. SOFFE, Fritton, Hants. J. W. GARNER, Liss, near Petersfield, Hants. D. RUFFELL, Haughley, Suffolk, butcher. T. BLAKE, Tostree, Suffolk, woodman. F. RICHMOND, Tonbridge, toconcock. T. ROGERS, Bwlch, Brecknockshire, licensed victualler. W. NICHOLS, Leeds, brazier. F. H. STAFFORD, Cardiff, journeyman baker. K. C. CLIFTON, King-street, Whitechapel. S. SWIFT, Gomersal, near Birstall, grocer. T. DODGSON, Leeds, builder. M. SPENCE, Gainsborough, cooper. G. SANDERSON, Warren, Yorkshire, collier. J. SYKES, Sheffield, joiner. H. W. SUCKLING, Sparkbrook, near Birmingham, auctioneer. I. CATTLE, Cardiff, butcher.

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